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The Week

EVERYBODY is busy pressing a meaning out of the contradictory mass of election returns. They were a rebuke to the tariff makers; to Daugherty and union baiting; to the architects of American isolation; to standpattism; to the enforcement or non-enforcement of the prohibition amendment. But the trouble is that the returns argue rather impartially on both sides. The discrepant fortunes of Reed and Hitchcock, in neighboring states, might suggest that hostility to the League of Nations is an active force. Democratic gains in Congress argue the opposite. The wets have it in New Jersey, but the other kind of sentiment is vigorously expressed in the western returns. The fate of Miller and Beveridge exhibits disillusionment with both McKinley and Roosevelt Republicanism. We cannot put a finger on any point of the political map and say with confidence that here the hostility to the tariff was clearly manifested. Calder and Frelinghuysen among the tariff makers went down, but why? Calder got in the way of the triumphal procession of Al Smith, and Frelinghuysen, dragged from his cellar by the conscription officers of the bone dry army, was an incidental casualty. For almost every political death in this election it is possible to adduce a grave complication of fatal maladies. It is all very puzzling to the candid statistician.

AMERICAN politics since the peace may be fairly compared to one of those unhappy theatrical seasons when the playwrights offer nothing new of real merit. One show is staged in high hopes, but at the first intermission the audience yells "Rotten!" and leaves. Another show is put on, to meet a similar fate. Not that there may not be a few spirited lines here and there, and minor actors who exhibit remarkable capacity to please and entertain. But the stars fail to scintillate. They simply can't hold the show together. They damn the public and the playwrights and the times and talk about the good old days of Booth and the possibility of a Shakespearian revival. Harding as star is a flat failure, and the Republican party has no promising substitute in sight. The Harding program of "normalcy" and tariff and ship subsidy is simply pitiable. The Democrats have no stars that are much more attractive and their program of negation is not a bit more appealing. If the audience knew how to be comfortable at home it would leave the Republican show and keep well away from the Democratic.

BUT in detail, there is much reason for satisfaction in the results of the election. The overwhelming personal triumph of Al Smith is a testimony to the good judgment of men that a democracy exhibits when it gets a chance. Governor Miller can not justly be charged with lack of any

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of the qualities that make a good executive. But Smith is a straighter, more competent and more intelligent man. It is not to be forgotten that Smith vetoed the Lusk bills when the panic over the imaginary revolution was at its height, while Miller signed them when the panic was abating and it would have been safe for him to follow the dictates of common sense. Beyond that, Miller stands for government by a minority ruling caste, Smith for government by the people. The issue was drawn clearly enough for the people to make their choice, and they chose inerrantly. The defeat of Beveridge is painful to everyone who bears in mind the sacrifices Beveridge has made to the progressive cause. Yet in a way it clears the air. The progressivism of 1912, which Beveridge represents, is not the progressivism of 1922, and still less that of 1924. Apparently the conservatively progressive Beveridge has been eliminated from consideration as the progressive aspirant to the Republican nomination, just as the liberal conservative Miller has been eliminated as the conservative aspirant.

SINCE publicity was given to the action of the Commissioner of Education, Dr. Frank P. Graves, in withholding from twenty members of the Teachers' Union of New York City the certificates of character and loyalty required under the Lusk law, seven of the twenty have received certificates. As explanation of the delay it is vouchsafed that their loyalty has been suspected. The Teachers' Union properly inquires in regard to the origin of these suspicions, and the process by which they have been put to rest. None of the teachers was notified of the charges, and the trial was held in secrecy. It is the possibility of such secret proceedings which makes the Lusk law a disgrace to the state. About the best reason for voting against Governor Miller was his championship of such a measure.

THE importance of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has long been recognized in the field of national industry. By its agreement with the Soviet government of Russia for the development of the clothing industry it becomes an international power. According to this agreement the Soviet government furnishes the plants, valued at 7,000,000 gold rubles, and the Russian-American Industrial Corporation sponsored by the Amalgamated, 2,000,000 of working capital. The stockholders of the American corporation are guaranteed their investment and 8 per cent interest. Control goes with the capital stock, but there is nothing to prevent the American company from increasing its investment and ultimately securing a majority of the stock. Banking facilities are provided through the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank. The obstacles in the way of dealing with the communist regime of Russia which are pronounced insurmountable by our State Department have apparently been surmounted by Mr. Sidney Hillman and his fellow negotiators. Not without difficulty. "In America I represent labor," said Mr. Hillman, "here I represent capital, and it hasn't been an easy job to bring them together."

NOT the republican spirit of the Angora Assembly, but the disasters of the Balkan and World Wars brought about the downfall of the Sultanate. The imperial organization, however corrupt, had a reason for existing so long as it merged a great diversity of peoples under a single rule. Macedonia and the greater part of Thrace, Arabia, Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia have been cut away from the Anatolian body of the Empire. That leaves a mass still far from homogeneous, but no longer incapable of being developed into a homogeneous state. And such a state has no use for the Sultanate and the tradition ridden imperial services. The nationalistic idea has been growing ever since the Young Turkish movement was launched. It was diverted from its course by imperial necessities, only to burst forth in renewed vigor when those necessities disappeared. How substantial the movement is now is indicated by the prompt acceptance of the new scheme of things by the Western powers most interested in Turkey. They have even accepted the more or less legalistic quibble by which the Kemalists assume the mastery of Constantinople without waiting for the peace settlement.

UNFORTUNATELY there is no reason to expect an improvement in the position of the subject races under the new régime. On the contrary, we may fear an intensification of persecution. Nationalism is one of the most intolerant of political forces. The American nation, in spite of its unshakable position, does not tolerate national minorities openly asserting their adherence to another law. Still less will the Turkish Nationalists be willing to permit Greek and Armenian communities to continue as such. They have already ordered the substitution of Turkish for French as the medium of instruction in certain Christian and Jewish schools. We fear that this is only a beginning of an epoch of forcible cultural and political assimilation that will work hardships upon the minority peoples not less cruel than the earlier attempts at forcible religious assimilation. And in such an event the protests of the Western powers will count for little. They have set too many evil precedents themselves.

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PRESS despatches from Italy offer very few indications of the actual program of the triumphant Fascisti. They mean to hold an election, and, knowing that they will not get a majority in the Chambers, they want a constitutional amendment giving a plurality all the powers of a majority. This they are not likely to get, and if they got it, the device is one that can be worked against them if the country grows weary of them. And it will grow weary unless they work out a program that would be sufficiently coherent and constructive to draw to themselves a working majority without the amendment. Their present proposals do not offer adequate promise of such a program. They are going to cut the dead wood out of the civil service and reduce the cost of administration. They are going to make the railways pay or lease them to private interests. Well, dead wood in the civil service has an unhappy capacity for replacing itself, and the Italian railways are not certain to operate at a profit under private management. The denationalization of Italian railways has been tried before, and never worked very well. There must be brains as well as force in the Fascisti movement. It is time for them to give evidence of their existence by a real political program.

ALL those who expected Mr. Bonar Law to foreshadow in unmistakable terms the policy of his conservative government were disappointed by his Drury Lane speech. On the other hand, people who habitually recoil whenever the hard shelled conservative outlines his opinions must have been pleasantly surprised at the mellow, almost soft-shell quality of what Mr. Bonar Law said. He showed the state of mind of a man reluctantly and rather genially preparing to do battle with a fog. "There were many," he said, "who hardly knew where they were," and he was one of them. He knows the world is in a mess, he confesses he hasn't yet got his bearings, and he adds, humbly, "I am not a genius," so don't look for miracles, but "Trust us to do our best." He speaks of France, America and the Near East in mild and general terms. On other points—German reparations, Ireland, India, Russia—consistent with his avowed "policy of negation," he is silent. To the puzzling chaos which surrounds him he offers no remedy more drastic than "at home and abroad, as little interference as possible with initiative for individuals." Exterior confusion finds an echo in his own mind. He proposes, on the whole, merely to keep a slow fire burning under the pot of chaos.

IF this be conservatism, it is pitched in an unfamiliar, even a pleasing key, and the words that come from Mr. Bonar Law are engagingly, humanly puzzled. We look in vain: the old, pugnacious and dogmatic Tory is not here, but instead a vague, slouching figure, with its waistcoat unbuttoned, friendly and indecisive, bowed down under a certain reverence for the complexity of existence. We are in the habit of disagreeing with nearly all the words and acts of conservatives, and we suspect that Mr. Bonar Law's amiable brand of it will later harden and take shape, but if such should continue to be his state of mind, Britain could find worse leaders. Even if such a mood of conservatism should be passing, its appearance at least is encouraging. While we believe the hope of the world—if any—to lie in other ways of thinking, the more conservatism tends to become a relative rather than an absolute position, and the more it loses its contours, the better for the world.

MR. BONAR LAW may of course be dragged into more definite courses by a large conservative majority in Parliament. A small majority might slowly be whittled away, and only a decisive surplus will enable his government to live for long. There is every indication that such a majority will be returned, and that a conservative wave of no uncertain size will roll over the country. From Labor there is not likely to be any serious threat. If the disastrous local council elections are any sign, labor is not going to do well. The local Labor borough councils made themselves unpopular by spending money in unemployment doles. At this moment the last thing the British elector wants is to pay more taxes. So that national Labor, by advocating a capital levy, has not increased its chances at this election. Labor should have credit for supporting a measure which may be intensely unpopular now, but will become a necessity later.

The Threat of a Third Party

Unless there is a complete change of program upon the part of the Republican party by the adoption of a liberal and constructive policy, there will be a formidable third party movement in 1924.—*Senator Borah, Spokane, November 2nd.*

THE Republican party has come through the elections in far less cocky mood than that of 1920. It no longer can count on putting through anything it pleases, with surplus votes to spare. It will have to look to its defences, through the next two years. Discontent within its ranks may defeat it. The defection of any considerable faction would certainly defeat it. Naturally the progressive wing of the party is reflecting on the

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best methods of utilizing the present opportunity. They have availed themselves of the method of obstruction, but with only negligible results. Is it not possible to gain a control of the party that will permit them to develop a positive policy? May they not even have a determining voice in the selection of the nominee for the Presidency in 1924? It is granted that the present rulers of the party will hold out with the greatest tenacity. But will they hold out against the threat of a third party? Senator Borah has given them a chance to consider their policy well before the decision is forced upon them.

Whatever other results the election may have had, they have not shifted the formal control of the Republican party to new hands. They have increased the strength of the progressive wing, yet without making it sufficient to weigh directly in the general party councils. Bigger blocs can be formed in Congress, to defeat reactionary measures, but no blocs big enough to put progressive measures through. The progressives have a rebellious mass movement behind them. They have a clearer popular mandate than their opponents.

But these are ideal rather than practical considerations. The Old Guard retains the support of the protected industries and the financial interests bound up with those industries. That is, it holds the campaign chest. It also holds a prescriptive right to the next Presidential nomination, since Harding by all the precedents is entitled to it. They have control of the whole administrative side of the government, and thereby control the Southern delegates to the National Convention. If they choose to exercise their power ruthlessly, they will control the Convention.

The progressives have, however, the power to defeat the party. They can draw off enough voters to a third party to throw the election to the Democrats. Senator Borah is quite ready to play this card, and no doubt most of the other progressive leaders will be of the same mind. Does this not afford a means of forcing a reformation of the party from within?

The right wing of the party can undoubtedly be forced to concede something. Can they be forced to concede enough to make the Republican Party an adequate instrument of western progressivism? This we doubt. How much will a standpatter Republican concede rather than see the Democrats win? Something; but Democratic victory is not such an overwhelming calamity to the interests protected by Republicanism. In 1912 the reactionaries preferred defeat to Roosevelt and what was in effect a very modest array of progressive measures. The mass movement behind the western progressives today is far more exacting. The Republican reactionaries would rather let the farmers, organized labor, the ex-service men, the taxpayers, try their luck with the old Democratic party than give them what they ask for their support.

And besides, when it came to the pinch, would the third party materialize? Would not the progressives in Congress shrink back at the brink of political extinction that a third party which does not come off entails? The traffic in threats can not be altogether a one-sided affair.

We do not believe that the mere threat of a third party will carry us very far toward a reformed Republican party. It is most likely to issue in nothing but a feeble compromise, that will merely add to the dissatisfaction of the masses. Our political life will be disturbed by a continually growing mass of unorganized discontent. We shall be advancing toward something akin to Italian fascism, powerful in criticism, with no real program of action.

It may be that the time is ripening for the launching of a third party. There are many signs that it is. We have never known an election in which so large a proportion of the voters regarded the contest as a mere sham. That would indicate that the old forms are becoming outgrown. But a new party is something worth organizing for its own sake, or it is not worth organizing at all. And if it is worth organizing there is no time to be wasted by the progressives in manoeuvring within the Republican party. The business of working out a doctrine and a consistent program is urgent.

The Labor Board and the Living Wage

SOME phrases are red rags, and one of the reddest just now is the "living wage." Try it in the office of a railway president or industrial magnate and see if you get away with your ear drums intact. Recall the recent fulminations of the Railroad Labor Board. In the Board's excited eyes, the living wage theory, "if carried to its logical conclusion, would wreck every railroad in the United States and, if extended to other industries, would carry them into communistic ruin." Observe: it is the theory to which this destructive power is imputed. It is not any concrete application of it. Experts will differ as to the constituents of a minimum standard of life. One will be more generous than another, and it is possible that some experts might propose to cut out more suits than

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the cloth will yield. That is not the sort of thing that whipped the Labor Board into a frenzy of rage and terror.

What, after all, is this horrific theory? It is that every industry must in the long run maintain its personnel, as it maintains its buildings and machinery. No industry is a national asset unless it pays full maintenance. A self-sustaining industry is one which supplies the immediate requirements of those who are employed in it and makes adequate provision for the coming generation. Not that there can be no industries that survive decades and centuries without making such provision. An industry may yield sufficient for the celibate or childless, with no surplus for the coming generation. Thus it manages to saddle the burden of rearing future workers upon some other industry. But that is obvious parasitism. No net gain to the animal kingdom comes from the presence of ticks and leeches. Neither is there any net gain to national industry from employments that mine out the abilities of workers recruited at large, without providing an equivalent in abilities for the use of the next generation.

A living wage, or an industrial maintenance wage, must make provision for the coming generation. It must be based on family requirements, not individual. But how much of a family? The wage earner may have any number of dependents, from one to ten or even more. Rules cannot be based on extremes, and the students of family budgets have accepted the family of five as a basis. Nobody contends, as the Railroad Labor Board seems to assume, that the average family is composed of husband, wife and three children under working age. The average composition of families at all ages has nothing to do with the problem. No branch of the population can maintain itself numerically unless a large proportion—indeed, the majority—of its households pass through a stage in which there are at one time three children or more under working age. Wages sufficient to maintain a family in this stage will be more than sufficient for celibates, households without children or households with children grown to maturity. They may be more than enough to support the one and four-tenths children that make up the average household, according to the Labor Board. But that statistical four-tenths child is rather unreal as compared with the three lusty youngsters going through their clothes and bawling for food who must somehow be cared for if the race is not to die off.

There must be some way of taking care of the family with three dependent children. It can be done through a wages level based on the requirements of such a family. Is that the only way it can be done? Of course not. Wages might conceivably be based on celibate requirements, with a subsidy from the industry or the state to provide for all dependent children. But then the rearing of children becomes a public enterprise, and we are well on the road to Moscow.

A wage adequate to the maintenance of the normal family is the only possible basis of a permanent system of private enterprise. If the payment of such a wage is ruinous to private industry, as the Labor Board declares, our existing system of production is already bankrupt. It is fated to crumble, through the decay of its working energies. But we think that the Board is absolutely wrong on this point.

It is not only absolutely wrong. It is deliberately wrong. The colossal costs which it asserts would be piled upon the railways by the adoption of the principle do not, even on the Board's own showing, flow from that principle. $3,122,962,337 would be added to the railway wages bill if common labor received a minimum of seventy-two to seventy-five cents an hour *with corresponding differentials for other classes.* By what law of the Medes and Persians are the differentials for other classes required to correspond? These irrelevant differentials, we venture to guess, account for three-fourths of the burden imputed by the Board to the living wage principle.

The workers did not ask for a seventy-two cent minimum. They asked for forty-eight cents. That would represent about twelve hundred dollars for three hundred working days of eight hours each. Would that have been ruinous to our industrial system?

This system yields somewhere around fifty billions of income annually. That is about five hundred dollars per capita, or $2,200 per census family of four and four-tenths persons. If a minimum of $1,200 were fixed for the family, and a five percent return for our two hundred billions of capital, there would still remain over ten billions for differentials for superior services. We should not be so easily plunged into "communistic ruin" as the Railroad Labor Board imagines.

But it is not proposed to establish a "living wage" forthwith, for all classes of labor. Every friend of labor, and every intelligent supporter of the existing order must earnestly seek to make as rapid progress as practicable toward the universal application of the principle. It need not necessarily involve losses to other income classes. Better living conditions breed superior efficiency, and help

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to pay for themselves. But it takes time for superior efficiency to develop. Therefore there may be good reason for proceeding slowly. There is no reason for not proceeding at all.

The Railroad Labor Board had an opportunity for public service. It could have accepted the living wage in principle. It could have defined the content of the idea more precisely than the reformers have done. It could have offered a sober account of the grounds for making haste slowly toward the desired end. Instead it made a spectacle of itself, blowing off its bile like a superannuated clubman. There remains no doubt that the Board in its present constitution has cumbered the earth too long.

Emigrés at Home

WE have America very much on our minds just now; there was never a time when people who think and talk at all, thought and talked so much about this country they live in. If the mere fact of this growing self-consciousness is interesting, the contrast among the several thinkers and talkers is even more so. They may roughly be divided into three groups: Those who find America God's fairest spot of human residence; those who hate it at the bottom of their hearts but still live in it; and those who, neither quite hating nor loving it, can entertain at once something of both feelings, who feel their roots going down into it: those whom it irritates, fascinates and warms, those who like to rediscover it, who enjoy watching American things happen and American people behave, as things and people will, comically, tragically, casually, differently.

The first noisy group, though far more than the other two its voice determines what we shall do from day to day, is intellectually sterile, and, since we like to believe that brains will win in the end, we can pass it over in the silence decently accorded to potential losers. The third group, which might be called neutral in its reaction to America, is chaotic, individual, and very variously articulate. There is so much to be said about it that for the present we had better say nothing.

The group we propose to talk about marches under the banner of "intellectual revolt," or rather disgust, and recruits a growing army of sensitive, intelligent people all out of key with a repulsive civilization. Most liberals have marched with it at least some miles; many are veterans. Unlike the other two, this group has brains, leaders, a destination. These people hate, they know what they hate, they say so with uncommon energy and ability. They hate—and we have marched with them—an America in which the high spots seem to be: mediocrity and bunk in politics, meanness and arrogance in business, safety first at church, prudery at home; they hate this country where art is vulgar and advertising both, where important demands are unsatisfied and unimportant ones created; where one man's thoughts are as his neighbor's and both waste their time exchanging them; where minorities must endure minimum wages, physically and morally; where there is big talk in public and small talk in private; a land covered from east to west by a great wash of dollars and of sentiment.

Is this America? Yes—the part we see and hear oftenest. No—for there is a lot more which we don't often see or hear. Such is not the whole truth, not by a long shot. The whole truth is obscure, vague, underground; it must be obstinately tunnelled after. But these intellectual rebels are not trying to snare the truth, they are trying to expose and annihilate what irritates and oppresses them. Like all people at war with something, they find fighting easier if they can give the enemy a single name, and see on his shoulders a single head to be chopped off. Instead of cursing and attacking political rottenness, business hypocrisy, social mediocrity, mental optimism, each separately, our rebels who begin with cursing American politics, American business, American society, the American mind, end by cursing America itself. It is easier to focus hatred on a family name than to divide it among all the members of that family. Mr. Mencken, who as much as anyone leads these rebels, does not try to disentangle American vices from American virtues, preferring such statements as "America is a commonwealth of third-rate men." Under the lashings of Mr. Mencken and his followers, America has grown from the name of a certain part of the map into a personified demon. And, of course, if one is constructing a demon afterwards to slay him, one makes him one hundred percent evil. In the same way we personified "Germany" during the war. This was easy: Germany was a long way off. And aren't many of our intellectual rebels a long way off from America?

"If they don't on the whole enjoy America, why do they go on living here?" They don't live here. Only people who have mentally left their own country can continue to see it so simply. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken both see America rather simply. So do the host of followers, for whom Babbitt—that valiant, that useful, that ugly and

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formidable book—is their Bible, and H. L. Mencken their prophet. Lead us, they cry, out of this wilderness which is America, and which you have forever damaged in our eyes. Lead them—where to? Aren't they perhaps going into another private wilderness of their own, so remote that America leers at them, a single bodied, personal ogre, over the rim of its horizon? Aren't they intellectual emigrés, who shout, Curse you, stepmother, as they look out at her from their place of exile, across the foaming, isolating sea of their disgust? Their exile, with its furious protest, is useful to those of us who have stayed behind and still see America as a queer, lovable, tormenting mixture of things good and bad, and we thank these exiles for making American life more interesting and perhaps better in the long run. But we feel sorry for them. They have torn up their roots, and have cut themselves off from that diversity which makes life, even American life, fascinating. Theirs will be a sterile path toward the end, and they will at the last find barrenness even in the solidarity of exile.

The Enforcement of Prohibition

THE New Republic continues to receive letters from persons who resent or regret its position in regard to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Most of these letters are written in the curious persuasion that the New Republic is seeking to discourage, or to give aid and comfort to those who would discourage, obedience to law. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is true the New Republic holds that the Eighteenth Amendment rests upon an entirely novel and unforeseen conception of the Constitution, and that to enforce it through the federal government will mean a radical change in the methods and functions of national administration. Such a change we hold to be undesirable, even if it were possible. To charge the federal government with the duty of enforcement in present circumstances means a diffusion of graft and corruption throughout its members, a weakening of its powers, and an increasing public contempt for it and its representatives which we hold equally undesirable. Interpretation of the amendment to exclude minor intoxicants is nothing short of nullification by law. The third possibility is suggested by the language of the amendment itself. It declares that its enforcement shall rest with the federal government and the states concurrently. Nowwhatever this may mean it certainly indicates that the states are expected to bear a responsibility for the enforcement of the amendment quite different from that which they bear in other cases where no reference is made to them. It is not a forced interpretation of concurrently to assume that it means that the states are to take the initiative within their own borders, the federal government concurring in their measures and restricting its own initiative to fields which are especially its own, such as foreign and interstate commerce. Within these fields it will have enough to do to test to the uttermost its capacity for honest and efficient administration; while the states with full responsibility are likely to secure more complete enforcement within the limits established by their own public opinion.

Most of our correspondents insist that the ease with which liquor is obtainable in New York is no test of the operation of the Volstead law throughout the country. We grant this gladly. The degree to which the Volstead Act is now enforced must necessarily be a matter of opinion. No figures are available to show the extent of lawbreaking. There are certain facts, however, which are accessible, and from which conclusions may be drawn. For example, the amount of spirits withdrawn from bond in 1921 on payment of tax was 9,597,116 gallons. It is nothing to the purpose to compare this amount with that of previous years. Everyone knows that the consumption of bonded whiskey has greatly diminished since the passage of the Volstead Act. But does anyone believe that this amount, or anything like it, was restricted to medical or sacramental uses? The export of spirits from the United Kingdom in 1913 amounted to £4,188,000. In 1920 it was £8,644,000. It is true the price of spirits in Great Britain has doubled, and it is true that Scotch whiskey is exported to other countries than the United States. Probably impoverished Europe takes most of it. Yet it is significant that the imports of spirits from the United Kingdom into Canada increased from £730,000 in 1913 to £2,492,000 in 1920. Similarly the export trade of France in wine rose from 275,600,000 francs in 1913 to 531,200,000 francs in 1920, which was our first year of prohibition by congressional action. We say again that there is nothing conclusive about such figures, but taken in connection with the extraordinary activity along the Canadian border, in the Bahamas and Miquelon, they may give some occasion for thought on the part of those who will have it that all is well in Zion. There are two classes of people who, however eminent and virtuous in many respects, are of no value whatever to their country in the present difficulty. One is

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the group of devil-may-care law breakers, whose chief subject of speculation and conversation is their drink, who assemble their bottles in conventions, who discriminate against their country's ships for a dram—a class which it seems to have been one unhappy effect of prohibition to have augmented. The other is the class which writes good intentions into law, and insists that because the intentions are good the law is good, and that any question of the efficacy of the law is a flouting of the intention which prompted it.

Our correspondents seem to forget that there is one way of proving the New Republic wrong in its contention that the Volstead Act is defeated in its operation to an unusual and dangerous degree by corruption in federal departments. That is to enforce it. To say that it is enforced is not enforcing it. To write letters to the New Republic is not enforcing it. Everyone cannot obtain evidence as to the extent to which the law is broken, but surely those persons who are organized into battalions for the purpose of writing us letters can use their organization for finding out. We are far from advising them to undertake a campaign of individual prosecution. That would be to revive the habits fostered by the Espionage law, Mitchell Palmer, the Security League and the American Protective Association, habits which we hold it one of the crimes of the last administration to have introduced into American life. But with some knowledge of local conditions as a background they can demand that the national departments charged with the enforcement of prohibition shall exact efficient service from their own personnel, or at least eliminate connivance and profit-sharing with crime. To be specific, there appeared in the press last month an enthusiastic endorsement of the office of the Director of Prohibition of New York, Ralph A. Day by the National Commissioner, Roy Asa Haynes. At the time this was given out there was in the office of the District Attorney evidence in regard to the condition of the New York office, and Day had resigned. Haynes was guilty of misleading the public exactly as certain administrators betrayed it during the war by giving out false reports of efficiency. The battalions of letter writers should address Secretary Mellon to find out whether he intends to let Haynes get away with it, and whether he will permit Day to retire, or dismiss and indict him. On October 4th the New Republic contained a statement that a Washington grand jury had found certain officials of the Department of Justice guilty of appropriating to their own use stores of seized liquors, and that these men were still employed by the department. It will do no particle of good to write to Mr. Daugherty, but enthusiasts for the enforcement of law should picket his department and force him to throw these thieves into the street. Incidentally they might inquire whether he proposes to take any action on the report of the committee of lawyers on the state of the District Attorney's office in Chicago, and whether he will compel the District Attorney in New York City to prosecute ex-prohibition director Hart. The impeachment proceedings against Mr. Daugherty, now under consideration by the Judiciary Committee of the House, will give a notable opportunity for the examination in detail of what the New Republic has steadily maintained was the chief danger in the Volstead Act, the fact that it brought into active opposition to law forces so powerful that federal officials of justice as of the treasury became accomplices in its degradation.

Upon the sponsors for the Volstead Act rests in a special degree the responsibility for its enforcement. So far from impeding them the New Republic would inspire them to greater efforts and will give them all the assistance in its power. One way in which the Volstead Act conceivably may prove of value is in becoming a test and a purge of government. But if these efforts fail, and the hypocrisy which wilfully mistakes words for facts continues to be a source of ruinous corruption in our body politic then we shall expect a frank consideration of the question whether such limitation of the use of liquor as is obtainable by law should not be sought through other powers than those of the federal government.

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Surely Good Americanism

DURING a time of hesitation and perplexity like the present when circumspect minds of all parties are troubled about the availability of the programs and war cries which they have flourished most valiantly in the past, many Americans are feeling around for some political activity of unimpeachable merit. They are asking for a patriotic work whose value measures somewhere near one hundred percent but which attains this high percentage not through the pugnacity of its advocates or the assumed depravity of its opponents, but because it promises to accomplish something for the commonwealth which good Americans, no matter whether they are reactionary, conservative, liberal or radical, might agree to consider desirable. It is not impossible, I believe, to fill their order. The opportunity for practically unalloyed political welfare work does really exist. There is a task with an important political aspect in which they can engage with every assurance that, no matter what the future has in store for their country, what they are now doing will contribute to its ultimate fulfillment. That task consists in the systematic reconstruction of the local unit in the shape of the town, the parish or the neighborhood as a formative positive factor in American politics, business and public opinion.

The founders of the American commonwealth intended it to be a nicely adjusted balance between local and general functions and institutions. The Jeffersonian Democrats and the Federalists differed sharply about the relative importance of the functions which they wanted the local community, the state, and the nation to perform in the government of the American people, but both parties were in the larger sense of the word federalists. They both sought to create a political organization in which the sovereign governments of the states as well as of the nation were not merely supplemented but checked and balanced by local governments. While they wished these sovereign governments to be vigorous and competent in their own sphere, they insisted that the local governments should possess independent organs of authority and fountains of action. Federalism was the chief presupposition of their political Americanism. They were products of a community in which the neighborhood in the form of the town or the country was taken for granted as the major political and social unit.

The formation of the neighborhood settlements which were spreading with such irresistible momentum across the continent first into states and then into a nation was from 1790 until about 1890 the outstanding task of American political leadership. Until the coming of the last generation these local communities were feeling their oats and needed on the whole to be checked rather than encouraged. They originated the dominant economic and political activities of the American people, and they were naturally inclined to consider themselves independent, self-contained and irresponsible political units. They were at once so powerful and so reluctant to use the power in any but a class, individual or local interest that constructive Americanism became a matter of cultivating a feeling and a method of joint national responsibility. The path of conscious progress was for the time being the path of coordination. Federalism as a system was moving justifiably in the direction of state and national aggrandizement. But this condition did not last. Towards the end of the nineteenth century when the fertile land was all occupied, when the economic impulse of the people was shifting from agricultural to industrial expansion, when American business was becoming specialized and American society classified, a change began to take place in the comparative vitality of the smaller and larger political units. The local community began to lose its initiative, its homogeneity, its self-confidence and even its interest in itself.

Since 1900 and particularly during and since the entrance by the United States into the war, American business, politics and society have submitted without much resistance to the increasing domination of centralizing and standardizing forces. The new masters impaired the bonds of piety and gratitude which attached the ordinary American to his neighborhood while at the same time they did not educate him into a better citizen of his state or nation. He tends to be more loyal to his allegiance to his class, his party, his profession and his business than to his commune and his commonwealth. The homogeneous village communities which during the early history of the Republic furnished the stuff out of which the American political fabric was woven are being broken up into special economic and occupational groups, who do not communicate confidentially and understandingly one with another.

The most sinister aspect of this enfeeblement of the neighborhood is the resulting decay of individual moral and intellectual independence. During the pioneer days Americans were character-

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ized by an unusual likemindedness; but this like-mindedness, just because it was the product of common economic conditions and of social homogeneity, was compatible with a general and often a fierce and pretentious individual independence of spirit. Today the American people are like-minded in layers rather than in local groups; and the layers coexist without much communicating or mixing. Their like-mindedness is not the product of homogeneity but of classification, of standardization and of somewhat slavish subjection within the class groups to external authority and suggestion. In his remorseless characterization of Babbitt, Sinclair Lewis says: "Just as he was an Elk, a Booster and a member of the Chamber of Commerce, just as the priests of the Presbyterian Church determined his religious beliefs, and the senators who controlled the Republican party decided in little smoky rooms in Washington what he should think about disarmament, the tariff and Germany, so did the large national advertisers fix the surface of his life, fix what he believed to be his individuality. These standard advertised wares—tooth pastes, socks, ties, cameras, instantaneous hot water heaters—were his symbols and proofs of excellence. At the first the signs, then the substitutes for joy and passion and wisdom." This characterization is true not merely of the small business men who become Elks and Rotarians but often of trades union leaders, bankers, lawyers and journalists.

The enfeeblement of local communities in the transactions of business and politics and in the formation of character and opinion profoundly alters the problem of the American progressive. For generations he has struggled to associate American national fulfillment with the realization and the redemption of collective responsibilities. There is still no reason, we believe, why he should abandon his conception of Americanism as primarily a matter of joint national responsibility, but there is every reason why he should sharply distinguish nationalization from centralization. A people do not necessarily become a more vigorous and complete nation by allowing their energies to operate increasingly through centralized political and economic agencies. The national being depends for its vitality upon the initiative, the self-respect and the self-consciousness of the nation's constituent members in the sense both of its occupational groups and its local communities.

The reader may now understand better what I mean by reconstituting the neighborhood as a positive formative element in American politics, business and public opinion. I mean the work of restoring it to its former function of providing the social tissue through which the vital impulse of the American democracy can work. Its reconstitution does not imply an automatic opposition to all proposals which look in the direction of enlarging the functions of the national as contrasted with the state governments. The questions raised by such proposals are matters of expediency rather than of principle. They are to be decided by a calculation of probable results rather than the application of a general rule. It does not strengthen the local communities or the states to impose upon them functions, such as the regulation of child labor, which under existing economic conditions they, as regional units, have not the power adequately to perform. If the neighborhood is to be restored to its former positive influence in American politics, business and opinion, its resurrection will be due not to the artificial protection of state and local rights but to the recovery by the local community of its own initiative of political, economic and social functions which it again begins actually and satisfactorily to perform.

There is an abundance of such functions. The substitution of machine for household industry, of national and international for local markets has deprived the neighborhood of its economic independence, and rendered its prosperity dependent on conditions over which it exercised little control. It has tried at one time or another to break the power of its supposed enemies and recover its own self-possession by legislation and political agitation, but without very much success. It is now beginning to try the more promising method of direct local action plus federation and cooperation. Cooperation whether by consumers or producers is a form of economic organization which tends to coordinate without centralizing the activities of individual and local groups. The successful cooperation of the American farmer has up to date concerned production and marketing rather than consumption; but it is already acting as a leaven in the communities which have taken to it. It has released energies, developed leadership, proved to the rural American the value of expert services, and created significant conflicts between the producer and the middle man. These new enterprises have all had an educational effect. They have tended to give back to the local communities a sense that, if they intelligently and jointly cultivate their local gardens, they may again have something to say about their economic welfare.

Cooperation among agricultural producers will need supplementing by a corresponding growth of cooperation among industrial producers and among consumers of all kinds. Such a growth is beginning, but it makes slow headway. The American has always thought of himself economically as a producer rather than as a consumer. That is why his special allegiance to his industry, to his employ-

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ers' association, to his union or to his profession has tended to triumph over his general allegiance to the community. Consumers' cooperatives offer an available method, not merely of asserting the buyers' interest against that of the seller but of restoring positive economic functions to the local community. For the essence of consumers' cooperation is a local association of buyers which subsequently federates with similar associations in other neighborhoods. The multiplication of these local cooperative economic activities will reverse the process of classification and specialization which during the last forty years has undermined the social vitality of the neighborhood. Their success will bring to the surface conflicts among classes and economic groups with divergent interests and between specialists and the non-specialist mass of the community. But the conflicts should be considered as a condition of social development and as a route to a better understanding among classes. The American neighborhood cannot recover the like-mindedness in its citizens which arose from the pressure on them of similar and very powerful economic incentives, but it may acquire for itself a higher form of community life by domesticating under its roof the ingredients of a diminutive nation. It can form itself into a combination of school and society, in which the conflicts of economic and professional groups are assembled, fought out and adjusted by people who know each other well and who to a larger or smaller extent must live together.

The revival of the neighborhood as an economic unit will encourage its revival as a political unit. The machines of the two political parties have tended as ruthlessly to centralize political authority as the large corporations, the labor unions and the chambers of commerce have to centralize economic authority, and this centralizing process has resulted in the decay of the local political caucus as a source of independent and fearless political conviction. The party organizations are self-governing only as the result of revolt and rarely by virtue of the normal operation of their existing institutions and practices. But neighborhoods which are beginning to practice economic autonomy and which are likely to reach economic convictions as the result of local conflicts and solutions will not remain satisfied with a form of political organization which leaves them a choice only between subjection and revolt. They will take back some of the autonomy in the determination of political policy which they once exercised; and they will take it back by virtue of converting their caucuses into conferences for the discussion of political policy and the formation of political opinion, as well as machines for nominating candidates and for acting on orders from headquarters. There is every reason to believe that in this respect the women voters will gradually exercise a wholesome reformation upon the practices of their male neighbors. The outlook of a woman voter is usually formed more by local than by state or national influences. The boon of inestimable value which she has a chance to confer on American party politics is the restoration of its local centres to independent and self-respecting activity.

The exercise of these positive economic and political functions will restore to the neighborhood the common activities and interests and the self-confidence and self-respect out of which new local communities may be built up, but if these communities are really to become a combination of school and society there is one element in their life which must purify and equip itself for the work of social education and social direction. I refer of course to the Christian churches. In the past they have done little to make the life of these local communities interesting and really liberating to their members. They have associated goodness and piety with sectarian distinction, with ineffective exhortations, and with an ignorant and contracted attitude towards the realities of modern science and of modern society. As long as the churches remain as ill-equipped, as conventional and as unimaginative as they are at present, these local communities will be stunted by the lack of an intelligent, articulate and assiduous spokesman for the whole community, a spokesman who is capable of understanding its divergent impulses and of providing an atmosphere of reality and mutual consideration in which its differences can be pulled together. But the local clergy cannot assume this function until they reconquer by actual service the intellectual leadership of the community. The failure of the schools and of the bread-winning occupations to provide properly for the education of the ordinary American in the essentials of democratic citizenship offers to the churches a wonderful opportunity of regaining some of their lost authority. They can undertake the task of trying through adult education to make the individual citizen more social-minded. They can assist the new cooperative economic and political forces to reconstitute the neighborhood as the ferment and the tissue of American political social and economic life by demonstrating the value of Christianity as a social binder, by starting to build up American citizens who unite competence in carrying on their own special jobs with knowledge of the world and of their fellow human beings, confidence in them and love for them.

HERBERT CROLY.

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The Abuse of the Tests

IV.

WE have found reason for thinking that the intelligence test may prove to be a considerable help in sorting out children into school classes. If it is true, as Professor Terman says,* that between a third and a half of the school-children fail to progress through the grades at the expected rate, then there is clearly something wrong with the present system of examinations and promotions. No one doubts that there is something wrong, and that in consequence both the retarded and the advanced child suffer.

The intelligence test promises to be more successful in grading the children. This means that the tendency of the tests in the average is to give a fairly correct sample of the child's capacity to do school work. In a wholesale system of education, such as we have in our public schools, the intelligence test is likely to become a useful device for fitting the child into the school. This is, of course, better than not fitting the child into the school, and under a more correct system of grading, such as the intelligence test promises to furnish, it should become possible even where education is conducted in large classrooms to specialize the teaching, because the classes will be composed of pupils whose capacity for school work is fairly homogeneous.

Excellent as this seems, it is of the first importance that school authorities and parents realize exactly what this administrative improvement signifies. For great mischief will follow if there is confusion about the spiritual meaning of this reform. If, for example, the impression takes root that these tests really measure intelligence, that they constitute a sort of last judgment on the child's capacity, that they reveal "scientifically" his predestined ability, then it would be a thousand times better if all the intelligence testers and all their questionnaires were sunk without warning in the Sargasso Sea. One has only to read around in the literature of the subject, but more especially in the work of popularizers like McDougall and Stoddard, to see how easily the intelligence test can be turned into an engine of cruelty, how easily in the hands of blundering or prejudiced men it could turn into a method of stamping a permanent sense of inferiority upon the soul of a child.

It is not possible, I think, to imagine a more contemptible proceeding than to confront a child with a set of puzzles, and after an hour's monkeying with them, proclaim to the child, or to his parents, that here is a C— individual. It would not only be a contemptible thing to do. It would be a crazy thing to do, because there is nothing in these tests to warrant a judgment of this kind. All that can be claimed for the tests is that they can be used to classify into a homogeneous group the children whose capacities for school work are at a particular moment fairly similar. The intelligence test shows nothing as to why those capacities at any moment are what they are, and nothing as to the individual treatment which a temporarily retarded child may require.

I do not mean to say that the intelligence test is certain to be abused. I do mean to say it lends itself so easily to abuse that the temptation will be enormous. Suppose you have a school in which there are fifty ten year old children in the seventh grade and fifty eleven year old in the eighth. In each class you find children who would jump ahead if they could and others who lag behind. You then regrade them according to mental age. Some of the ten year olds go into the eighth grade, some of the elevens into the seventh grade. That is an improvement. But if you are satisfied to leave the matter there, you are doing a grave injustice to the retarded children and ultimately to the community in which they are going to live. You cannot, in other words, be satisfied to put retarded eleven year olds and average ten year olds together. The retarded eleven year olds need something besides proper classification according to mental age. They need special analysis and special training to overcome their retardation. The leading intelligence testers recognize this, of course. But the danger of the intelligence tests is that in a wholesale system of education, the less sophisticated or the more prejudiced will stop when they have classified and forget that their duty is to educate. They will grade the retarded child instead of fighting the causes of his backwardness. For the whole drift of the propaganda based on intelligence testing is to treat people with low intelligence quotients as congenitally and hopelessly inferior.

Readers who have not examined the literature of mental testing may wonder why there is reason to fear such an abuse of an invention which has many practical uses. The answer, I think, is that most of the more prominent testers have committed themselves to a dogma which must lead to just such abuse. They claim not only that they are really

* The Measurement of Intelligence, p. 3.

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measuring intelligence, but that intelligence is innate, hereditary, and predetermined. They believe that they are measuring the capacity of a human being for all time and that this capacity is fatally fixed by the child's heredity. Intelligence testing in the hands of men who hold this dogma could not but lead to an intellectual caste system in which the task of education had given way to the doctrine of predestination and infant damnation. If the intelligence test really measured the unchangeable hereditary capacity of human beings, as so many assert, it would inevitably evolve from an administrative convenience into a basis for hereditary caste.

In the next article we shall examine the evidence for the claim that the intelligence tests reveal the fixed hereditary endowment.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

(*To be continued.*)

Clemenceau Comes Crusading

IN another week or two, when the steamship Paris docks amid the ferryboats, there comes aboard Manhattan the most loved, best hated, and certainly most famous statesman in all Europe. On his own inspiration, "and without any mission from anybody," M. Georges Clemenceau is on his way to tell Americans "the rights and duties of each nation in the redoubtable crisis engendered by the war."

How will America receive him? Well, from this distance (I write in Paris) the approaching tour looks promising. Some new invitation to include another city arrives in each day's mail. I do not know if this measures American interest in the arrival of the famous Tiger. In three years America has had enough celebrated tourists along Broadway and at Niagara Falls to have lost a little of the thrill. Still, I do not suppose that even Carpentier and Conan Doyle, Suzanne Lenglen and the Prince of Wales, can have taken the edge entirely off this visit.

And meantime, on this side of the Atlantic, his trip is one of the chief topics of debate among those interested in politics. Only the Turks and Greeks have had more headlines in the press. There are some journals that hail this voyage with enthusiasm. The Petit Parisien thinks all Europe may soon owe Clemenceau a monument. Other papers wish him the best of luck in his effort to induce recalcitrant America to return to Europe—but doubt whether the best way to bring home a wandering son is by sending a policeman for him. Still other papers, notably those directed by the Liberals and the Socialists, deplore the fact that another militarist has chosen this particular hour to plead the case of France. Only here and there does any paper take the whole affair a little lightly. Bonsoir, one of the sprightliest of our evening papers, prints a cartoon tonight of a very sly old gentleman addressing an audience with upturned, reverent faces and collars just a bit too large for them. "Ah!" whisper the Americans, as Clemenceau hammers home his points. "What candor!"

Why this visit, anyway? That is what some Frenchmen ask themselves—and probably some Americans, as well. On the surface, of course, it is the individual effort of a robust old patriot to step in and retrieve some of the prestige his country has lost during recent months—with the possibility, meantime, of helping speed the day when Americans will chuck their creed of isolation. That is the obvious explanation—plus the fact that Clemenceau is notably a restless soul, fond of searching for adventure. This junket to America hunting prestige is only the next chapter following last winter's trip to Bengal hunting tigers.

That may be enough to explain why Clemenceau picks this moment for America. But more than likely there is something else. Consider the present status of politics in France: That other famous Man of Iron, Poincaré, has been losing prestige steadily for many weeks. He has been losing prestige just as any other French Premier will lose it, so long as he promises to collect German reparations, and fails—threatens to invade the Ruhr, and stops because he isn't sure but that the risk's too great. Poincaré has pledged action, then written notes—rattled the sabre, put his hand back in his pocket. He is weaker today than he has ever been before. And if Clemenceau has any ambition to return to power, despite his more than eighty years, the chance might come within the next few months. He would be very strong if he returned from America able to demonstrate that he had had the greatest of all popular receptions—had brought French prestige back to par.

In the struggle that ensued, he himself might attempt to take the place of Poincaré. On the other hand, he might be satisfied with a rôle behind the scenes, letting some younger man, one of his own partisans, lead the new attack. In that case the most likely man would be André Tardieu—right bower of Clemenceau at the Peace Conference, present editor of his newspaper (the Echo National), chief advocate of his ideas—his Tumulty and Colonel House, his Henry Cabot Lodge and Charlie Murphy, all in one.

Tardieu, today, leads persistent attacks upon the government of Poincaré. It is an interesting performance. For Tardieu, of course, is out for

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precisely the same thing that Poincaré himself desires: defence of the Versailles Treaty against all amendment, and rigid enforcement of its terms under penalty of "sanctions." Consequently, agreeing with the Premier's program, Tardieu has only his methods to attack. . . . Poincaré fumbles. He talks big, and does little. He estranges the friendship of Britain. . . . Tardieu's efforts to disagree with Poincaré are untiring. He charges the Premier with failure to maintain that whole-souled cooperation with Britain essential to French interests. France, he thinks, could work very well with Britain if only the British had a French Premier. And Poincaré, whose case is only different from Tardieu's in that he knows what it is to try, would probably agree. So Tardieu hammers away at Poincaré, Poincaré hammers at the Germans, and Clemenceau (I think) casts a calculating eye upon the probable contours of the scene by Christmas time. His own party's chances for a coup d'état furnish one reason why he chooses this moment for an expedition to America in search of ammunition. His own party's chances—plus his party's risks.

For there is ultimately a much wider and more spirited struggle coming, in the politics of France, than this tussle of Tardieu vs. Poincaré. And that is the struggle of all the Tardieus and all the Poincarés, against the growing power of the "Left." Clemenceau may have sensed the proximity of that struggle. He knows that his own party has not been the only one to gain, each time the government of Poincaré has slumped in prestige. He knows that the "Left" has gained. For the successive slumps of Poincaré have sometimes helped to prove the contention of the Socialists and Liberals that his program is unworkable. In the last six months France has admittedly lost ground in the United States, averted an open break with Britain by an eyelash. Well, says the "Left," what do you expect? Give the "Right" rope enough and wait to see what happens.

I do not think, myself, that either the Socialists or the Liberals of France, or both of them together, are yet within miles of capturing the country. And yet the course of recent events has unquestionably been with them. And that fact might also help Clemenceau to decide that this was the very moment for America. He is a wise old man. I doubt if he expects to bring America back to the League, or to the Big Four, or to any other European council. What he is considering is the effect his trip will have not upon America but France. If he comes back home with an enthusiastic press and every evidence of a huge popular success, the parties of the "Right" can turn all that to good account—use it in an attempt to check whatever gains the "Left" has made. In other words, Clemenceau goes to America largely for the sake of coming back. That is it, I think. It is the politics of France that send him—the opportunity of countering against the "Left," the chance of boosting his own party's prestige—his own party being for him, of course—after that splendid unity of war days, synonymous with "France."

That is the purpose of this November journey, as it seems to some of us, in France. It is a rather narrow interpretation of an historic cruise. And yet I do not think we fail to do it justice. For back of all immediate objectives, we too will agree to see it as a "symbol." To us, this trip is Old Europe finally sending Young America her one authoritative spokesman. We know there is Youth as well as Age, in Europe. How much Youth you will not guess until you leave the beaten track of London, Paris, Rome—and the same avenues in each of them. Off that beaten track you can find "Green Internationals" and "Youth Movements" and spirited if chaotic attempts at an artistic renaissance. You can find a dozen scattered bits of a new Europe—bits of a Europe no longer busily perpetuating war hatreds and balances of power, bits of a Europe inchoate and even unaware of its own existence, but a Europe living for the future, not the past.

Some day these odds and ends of culture may be fortunate enough to find, in the name of a New Europe, a spokesman as perfect as the spokesman Old Europe sends to the new West today. . . . You remember Mr. Keynes's impression of his last picture of the man? "Silent and aloof on the outskirts—for nothing that touched the security of France was forward—throned, in his grey gloves, on the brocade chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air. . . ." Clemenceau!

CHARLES MERZ.

Paris.

Winter Apples

Not in a valley ivoried with grain
Where wheat is stacked in golden fountain-shapes,
Nor in some vineyard when an opal rain
Chips off the amethyst and amber grapes—

But in that orchard on its hill of stones,
Where rustily the heavy leaves are pinned
To hollow stems, and, worn to creaking bones,
Boughs are like fingers scratching on the wind—

Here, less a woman than a moon-eyed witch,
In this most bitter place for fruit Love stands,
Stooping where apples turn the black frost rich
To lift one, like a lantern, in her hands.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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Matilda and the Chimpanzee

BECAUSE the biologists carry on quite openly their little family squabbles about the causes, or causative factors, as they call them, of evolution, and recently have been more garrulous and vigorous than usual in expressing their differences of opinion about these causes, the anti-evolutionists are showing an unusual activity of mouth and pen. Either from ignorance or intent they are construing this scientific debate to be a debate about the reality of evolution itself. Which it is not, not in the least.

I do not recall the name of a single living biologist among all those whose names are known in the annals of science because of unusual competence as investigator or teacher who does not believe in evolution. Biologists accept evolution as a proved natural fact or phenomenon, just as physicists accept gravitation. But they do differ about the factors that cause and control evolution. For example, there is no such wide acceptance among them now of "Darwinism"—meaning, not evolution itself, as the antis would have you believe, but Darwin's explanatory factors of evolution, to wit, the theories of natural and sexual selection—as there was in the earlier days after Darwin's Origin of Species appeared, and in the later days when the active post-Darwinians, under the leadership of Wiesmann and others, were attacking, with much success, the Lamarckian explanatory factor of the inheritance of acquired characters. The recent remarkable advances in our knowledge of heredity —we have learned more about the mode and mechanism of heredity in the last fifty years than had been learned in all time before—have unsettled the confidence of biologists in several old, easily accepted explanations of evolution, and have set them freely talking about the probable importance of other explanatory factors. They are, indeed, quite inclined to talk openly about the "unknown factors of evolution," which is a phrase titillative to the ears of men who think you have to claim to know everything about a subject of which you do know something.

Out of, and because of, all this pleasant and interesting discussion among biologists and evolutionists the anti-evolutionist is making hay. He says we are divided among ourselves as to our acceptance of evolution. But he is dead wrong. We are, I repeat, divided as to our acceptance of what are the more important and valid causes of evolution. And we shall probably continue to be in this stimulating condition for some time to come.

But I was going to tell about Matilda and the chimpanzee. Of course it is human evolution that is the real bête noire to the anti-evolutionist, the fundamentalist and the uninformed and narrow-minded churchmen generally. (There are, let us be glad for the sake of religion, many informed and broad-minded churchmen.) In fact, evolution to Mr. Bryan and his followers means little more than "man from monkeys." Many of them are indeed quite willing to accept the evolution of the plants and lower animals, but they draw the line at the evolution of man. They want man to be different. They simply will have him different. So they especially dislike monkeys. I have been told—I hope it is true—that Mr. Bryan gets a special temperature every time he sees a monkey. He plants himself in front of it, glares at it and mutters, "I won't come from that; I won't come from that."

Well, no biologist claims that Mr. Bryan, or any other man, came from that; or even from any of the anthropoid apes that we know, of which there are four living kinds that disport themselves in various warm and forested regions of the earth. I suppose Mr. Bryan, with his easy disregard of a useful precise usage of words, would call these interesting animals monkeys also. But let that go. What biologists do claim with regard to man's prehistoric genealogy is that the animal stock of which he is the culminating representative branched off from the general animal tree somewhere nearer the point from which the stock represented now by the apes branched off than any other stock. But even if we do have some rather distant relationship with the anthropoid apes they are not, after all, such bad fellows to be related to as Mr. Bryan seems to feel. Carl Akeley, who has been chumming with the gorillas in the upper Belgian Congo, tells me that this rather horrific looking cousin is not at all the fierce and terrible brute he is too commonly said to be, but that he and his wife and children are peculiarly peaceful and pleasant companions. Mr. Akeley made photographs of them at close range, and tried to talk with them. They seemed interested, but apparently were unable to understand much of what he said, and so, after a while, went quietly off about their own more important business. And anyone who has had experience in the matter will tell you that companionship with a chimpanzee or orang-utan is most interesting, even

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fascinating. I once had such an experience. And this really brings me to Matilda and the chimpanzee.

It was in Berlin, in days when I was a student of zoology in a German university and was giving some special study to the anthropoids. I had got well acquainted with the keeper of the apes and used to go out often to call on him and a young and rather delicate chimpanzee whom he kept with him much of the time in his own office, or workroom, in the ape-house. The keeper was an especially stolid sort of German, and I used to think his chimpanzee friend, with her active interest in things, and her intelligent, quick movements, considerably the more human of the two. But as interested as I was in the young lady chimpanzee, and as assiduously as I courted her favor, she gave me little of her attention.

One day, however, I brought with me to the keeper's office, with his permission, an American friend and his wife and their little daughter, together with Matilda her nurse. Matilda was a Negress of undiluted African blood, and looked all that she was. As we came filing into the room the chimpanzee glanced up, but paid no especial attention to us until Matilda, coming last, appeared in the door. And then immediately and excitedly the animal started toward us, or rather unmistakably toward Matilda, moving its arms and uttering eager low cries. She seemed to know Matilda! And by her actions and voice she was welcoming her. Matilda, however, had no desire to cultivate an acquaintanceship with the chimpanzee. In fact, she turned and ran shrieking into the corridor. And so an opportunity for a perhaps very interesting and enlightening special study of chimpanzee psychology was lost. But I shall never lose the impression made on me of the chimpanzee's recognition of Matilda. Was it a case of biological memory? Or was it simply a natural response of curiosity to what was probably a rare sight for the inhabitant of the Berlin ape-house?

This is, I am aware, not the right kind of story to tell Mr. Bryan or the anti-ape people generally, if we evolutionists want to keep from stirring them to further wrath. But there is no use being pleasant to convinced anti-evolutionists. They will not be pleasant in turn. Scientific men are used to having to win their battles with ignorance and prejudice by real fighting over and over again. And the present seems to be a time when the evolution and anti-evolution struggle has to be, in some measure, fought out again. The victory will, of course, be as it was in the days sixty years ago when Bishop Wilberforce delivered himself, by his ignorance, into the hands of Huxley. But it will be interesting to see if the Bishop Wilberforces of today will be less ignorant or will have new and different angles from which to attack evolution. I have in mind one argument which I believe would be their very strongest card—until it is answered —which I have not seen stressed as I would stress it if I were anti-evolutionist. However, I may add that, as evolutionist, I think it can be satisfactorily answered and that the answer, if acceptable, really shows how evolution and religion can be brought into harmonious relations—that is, if we are all more interested in the present and future of man than in his past.

If an acceptance of human evolution involved an acceptance of a complete surrender of ourselves and the future of the race to the determination of a cold, impersonal, ruthless machine, working without regard to human let or hindrance, then I, and, I imagine, almost everybody else, would want to fight this acceptance to the last ditch. Because we recognize that human kind has been developed in the course of hundreds of thousands of years to a certain stage by the workings of the factors that have produced the evolution of the lower-sensed animals and the senseless plants, is it necessary to accept man of today and man of the future as the sole results of non-human factors and determination? Does the acceptance of evolution, and of human evolution in particular, rob or release man of today and man of the future from all personal responsibility for his fate and the fate of the race? Does it rob us of our hope and confidence in the high estate of human kind and leave us on a level with the other animals, with our behavior determined by our inherited animal instincts and our future progress to be determined by the chance of strictly biological evolution? If so, then evolution would spell dismay and utter cynicism and we should all hope for its disproof. We should all want to join Mr. Bryan and the uninformed churchmen in their violent prejudice and bitter words against this soul-destroying monster.

But the answers to these questions are not "Yes," but "No." Let me briefly explain why I believe this: There is no doubt that man has existed on the earth for at least five hundred thousand years. The relics of his body and the results of his handiwork have been found in such number and under such conditions as to indicate his continuous presence on the earth since earliest Pleistocene time, more likely, indeed, since late or even middle Pliocene time. But also there is no doubt that in these earlier days he was a man of appreciably different structure and behavior from man of to-

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day. Especially did he differ from us of today in head characters and, most significantly, in brain size and, evidently, brain character. But through those scores and even hundreds of thousands of years, which we group as his Paleolithic days, man was moving ever, although slowly, very slowly, upward in his evolution—chiefly, probably, owing to the influence of those biologic factors to which we attribute all of the evolution of the lower animals and the plants. It was a slow, painful evolution manifested mostly, and certainly most importantly, by an evolution of brain, an increase in brain size and a development of its associative function.

But by the time he emerged from the Paleolithic age into the brighter light of Neolithic and earliest metal ages, he had reached practically the stage of biological evolution in which we find him today. The brain of Cro-Magnon man, who lived in Europe at least 30,000, and perhaps 50,000, years ago, was quite as large as that of man of today, and, as far as can be told from the preserved bony brain case, had the same shape and general character as the human brain of today.

A question very often asked of biologists and anthropologists is, has man increased in physical or mental capacity since the days of the classic Greeks and Romans or even since the days of the early Egyptians and Mesopotamians and Cretans. And the implication of the questions, and of the reproachful and scoffing attitude of the questioners, is that he has not. The questioners call attention to the artistic and literary achievements, the philosophic systems, the men of great mental capacity as revealed by their accomplishments in war and statecraft, all admittedly characteristic of human life in the earliest historic times, some five or six thousand years ago or longer. They call attention to these facts as proof of the equality of human physical, mental and spiritual capacity in those days with that of today.

These questioners might well go further and ask the biologist and anthropologist if they have any reason to believe that man has shown any obvious biological evolution since those prehistoric days of the metal ages and Neolithic times, ten, thirty, perhaps fifty thousand years ago. The answer is, I think, No. Then in what is man of today different from man of those days? The answer is, I think, in that part of his development and possessions due to a new and powerful element of progress which entered at some time in late Paleolithic days into human evolution, an element which added itself to slow biological evolution, an element peculiar to human evolution, which we may call social evolution. This kind of evolution could not begin until man, through the development of brain, had attained by biological evolution a capacity to acquire much knowledge, and, by registering it through speech and writing, to pass it on by social inheritance to succeeding generations. This storing up and passing on of knowledge is the basis of social evolution, and social evolution became and is the basis for a rapid progress in human capacity for doing. It is the basis on which has depended man's change from his status in late Paleolithic days to his present status.

Now social evolution can be controlled, and it is in fact so controlled and determined, largely by man himself. His future change or progress is in his own hands. Here is where religion comes into its great opportunity and responsibility. Altruism, or mutual aid, is a recognized and powerful biological factor in evolution. The biological success of the social insects, the ants and social bees and wasps, has depended much on their adoption of the mutual aid principle. And in man's biological success mutual aid or altruism has played a dominant part. It has its little disadvantages in the keeping alive and reproduction of hopelessly unfit individuals, but its advantages largely outweigh its disadvantages.

Altruism is a factor in human life which can be developed and increased by a right direction of social evolution. And all the other modifications of behavior based on emotion and aspiration can be similarly determined. Almost everything that we can conceive of as what we should like to see in the progress of human kind can be put into his progress by a proper control of social evolution. Let religion, then, not fight human evolution but use it, determine it. By such a determination of social evolution, which is now the major factor in all human evolution, man can climb to the highest possible heights of humanism. Thus, instead of being robbed by evolution of personal responsibility and of hope of steady social betterment, man is by this very evolution given more and more personal responsibility for his own fate and that of the race, and has not only hope but assurance given him that by wise and beneficent use of his knowledge and altruism he can lift himself and his race to an ever higher spiritual plane. Evolution does not destroy religion but justifies it. Religion, not doctrinaire theology but true religion, with its attention concentrated not on where man came from or what he was, but on what he is and what he can become, can determine human evolution in its own image.

VERNON KELLOGG.

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Exit Mr. Lloyd George

THE Coalition Government which was brought into being at the end of 1916 when the war was going badly for the Allies has come to an end. It was created originally as a form of united national government for a more efficient conduct of the war. Mr. Lloyd George at its head infused it with his extraordinary dynamic force. When the armistice was declared in 1918 he and his colleagues appealed to the country in the heat and vulgarity of victory for reelection. They accommodated their platform to the prevailing temper of the people, and drew up a wild and jingo program. That they never kept the election pledges on which they were returned has been counted variously as a reproach and as a virtue. For four years Mr. Lloyd George and his men have tried to make peace in Europe. Suddenly almost without warning the ground has been exploded under their feet. A Conservative revolt which has been smouldering since the time of the Cannes Conference has at last broken out with devastating effects.

It is easy to understand the jubilation of the French press. A Conservative prime minister, especially if he happens to be Mr. Bonar Law, is regarded by France as a softer proposition from the French point of view than Mr. Lloyd George. It is less easy to understand the jubilation of the British press. It is true that the British people are traditionally incapable of taking a sustained interest in foreign politics or in any politics except that of the income tax. And they like simple politics: they understand blue against red, Conservative against Liberal in an election fight. It does not much matter what the difference in policy is between the two sides so long as there is a simple difference and a clean square fight over it. Coalition governments have never been and never will be popular in Great Britain. With a sense of relief therefore the people in Great Britain have reverted to the Gilbertian ideal.

> For every boy and every gal
> Who's born into the world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

The probability is that the reversion to party government will involve precisely no change in policy. There will be irrelevant changes such as the abolition of the Prime Minister's Secretariat at 10 Downing Street and of the Cabinet Secretariat in Whitehall Gardens. For the rest Mr. Bonar Law has already allowed it to be gathered that his foreign policy will be based on the fulfillment of existing obligations and reluctance to incur new obligations. The Bonar Law apologists are making the point that there must be an end of "adventure" in foreign politics and a change of method in dealing with contemporary problems. At the same time an attempt is to be made to rebuild the shattered entente with France. How exactly that is to be done, given the divergence between French and British aims from one end of Europe to the other, is a question which Mr. Bonar Law at the moment of writing has not yet faced.

The change of method which Mr. Bonar Law contemplates in the conduct of foreign affairs will involve an attempt to revive the pre-war organization. There will be no "Dictator of Downing Street." The Prime Minister will preside at regular Cabinet meetings, and will receive the reports of his Cabinet. The Foreign Minister will conduct foreign affairs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will control the spending departments. At first sight it is an attractive picture. Bonar Law enthusiasts point out that it will no longer be possible for the head of an extravagant department, having been turned down in some scheme of his by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to go to the Prime Minister and have the refusal reversed. One could hardly expect a new administration not to do its worst for the reputation of the outgoing administration. It must be confessed in this case that the Bonar Law criticisms of the Lloyd George régime are somewhat unconvincing. To abolish the Cabinet Secretariat on the score of economy in present circumstances would be about as sensible and effective an economy as to abolish the lamp-posts in Downing Street. The new government will start functioning about the middle of November. A conference will be held at Lausanne that same week to begin the long and intricate problem of the Near Eastern settlement. Before the end of the year there will have to be an important conference at Brussels to attempt some sort of settlement with Germany over reparations. The present provisional arrangements as decided by the Reparation Commission in September carry us only to the end of the year. Then there is the Russian problem which has been made immediate by the activities of the French mission under M. Herriot in Moscow. There seems little doubt that France

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with her well known capacity for volte face politics is contemplating the immediate recognition de jure of Russia in return for economic privileges. During the one month, therefore, which will remain before Christmas when the new administration starts operating, three concrete problems of urgent importance, the Near East, Reparations, and Russia, will be in a state of simultaneous crisis. The new administration will start by abolishing a Secretariat organization called into being precisely to meet such situations and with a long training behind it in the meeting of them.

The real explanation, of course, lies in the accumulated resentment of the Foreign Office against the usurpation of its functions by Downing Street. It is the case that throughout the four years of peace-making since the armistice Mr. Lloyd George has exercised a direct control over foreign policy, and the Foreign Minister has in practice been relegated to the position of an Under-Secretary. The permanent officials of the Foreign Office have been increasingly critical of Mr. Lloyd George.

The present reaction in this country against Mr. Lloyd George is a measure of the influence he has exercised over the country during the six years of his prime ministership. It is the swing of the pendulum. With the exception of the Coalition organ, the Daily Chronicle, and of the Daily Telegraph there is no London morning paper which has not hailed Mr. Lloyd George's resignation with relief. A year ago he had the entire press with him except the Northcliffe papers and the Morning Post. By the nature of things the pendulum which has swung from so pronounced an extreme on one side to so pronounced an extreme on the other will swing back again.

It is true that Mr. Lloyd George has left many things undone and done many things wrong. But the present outcry against him is amazingly unfair. One day perhaps the tragedy of his post-war policy will be understood. He has had one outstanding characteristic both in his relations with his Cabinet colleagues at home and with his colleagues of European powers abroad. He has never been able, except in the extreme resort, to break with friends. At home he has postponed issue after issue rather than force it to the point of rupture with colleagues. Lord Curzon knows this better than anyone. It was Lord Curzon who chiefly resisted Mr. Lloyd George's Russian policy. That he did not resign was due to the tact and patience of his chief. Abroad Mr. Lloyd George has pursued with the strikingly unanimous approval of his countrymen of all parties a policy which was in direct conflict with the whole spirit of French policy since the war. Mr. Bonar Law has just announced the same principles of European pacification and unification which were the motive of Mr. Lloyd George. To criticize Mr. Lloyd George on the score of having estranged France is to sin against historical truth. Mr. Lloyd George sacrificed the success of his whole policy to his loyalty to France. What he did was precisely to refuse to break with France. At Cannes he could have broken with France from a strong position. At Genoa he could have broken from a still stronger position, with every nation in Europe, including Germany and Russia, but excepting Belgium, behind him. At the London Reparation Conference he could have broken even with Belgium behind him. On all three occasions he refused. He had pursued since the armistice a policy of European pacification the success of which was threatened by France and by France alone. That he did not break with France was due to two main considerations. One of them proves the sincerity of his ideal. If he had broken with France the result would have been as bad from the European point of view as was the result of the continued French hostility to Germany. To bring Germany back into the European family of nations, and by the same token to drive out France, was to escape from the frying pan into the fire. The second reason was that Mr. Lloyd George was genuinely friendly to the point of sentimentality to France. He is a fighting democrat in spirit, a cunning political tactician; yet he had one element of tenderness in him which was wholly disconnected with his own political interests. That was his friendship for France. He humored France, postponed decisions out of loyalty to her, refused to break with her even when she had broken with him by her unfaithful Angora Agreement. Today Mr. Lloyd George is the worst hated man in France. He has tried the almost hopeless task of maintaining the Entente and at the same time of carrying out a policy which has been opposed from A to Z by France. That at the moment of his overthrow the Bonar Law politicians should criticize Mr. Lloyd George both for estranging France and for failing to achieve European pacification argues a lack of generosity and of understanding. When further Mr. Bonar Law announces that one of his foremost aims will be to rebuild the Franco-British entente he scores an easy electioneering point but an unfair point. Its unfairness is emphasized by Mr. Bonar Law's further announcement that he proposes to work for those very objects of peace in Europe which have so far been wrecked on the French rock.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

London, October 23rd.

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A COMMUNICATION

What Has Prohibition Done to America?

SIR: At the New Republic's suggestion, I have read Mr. Fabian Franklin's book on prohibition, and a less helpful book bearing upon "the issues underlying the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment" I cannot well imagine. Had Mr. Franklin called his book What Prohibition Has Done to My Feelings, it would fittingly have labelled the contents of his book. But the promise of his title, What Prohibition Has Done to America, is left wholly unfulfilled by what he has written. The story of the enactment of the amendment and its subsequent history is a piece of romantic and dramatic writing with no attempt at quantitative, factual judgment.

In writing this volume, Mr. Franklin has jettisoned the discipline of the mathematician and he has done so rather candidly. The key to the book is found in those specific instances in which Mr. Franklin avows that his object is to direct attention "to a few broad considerations" and that "it is unnecessary to appeal to statistics." Throughout the book Mr. Franklin finds it unnecessary to appeal to statistics. That failure, in my judgment, makes the book worthless as a contribution to its subject. The subject of the book is law enforcement and the heart of law enforcement is facts, statistics. I am aware of the serious difficulties in the way of securing dependable and adequate statistics bearing upon law enforcement in this country. But the way out is not to abandon the effort and indulge in "broad considerations." Such considerations are meaningless as guides to rational action just because they are "broad" and not validated by a scientific foundation. Mr. Franklin would not dream of indulging in "broad" considerations" when dealing with a problem in mathematics; does he really think such a tangled problem of social science as law enforcement, with its many variables and its few standards, can safely dispense with a rigorously scientific treatment? It is idle to talk about "common knowledge," as so many do in dealing with this subject. Common knowledge is a most treacherous guide. Common knowledge usually means common bits of knowledge, with no assurance whatever that these bits are either representative or ample for purposes of generalization. It is by such a wholly unscientific attitude of mind that we have suffered so severely in decisions affecting social legislation.

Mr. Franklin has rendered a service in asking what prohibition has done in America. We much need to know that, but it is idle to expect an answer *now*. We are just at the beginning of a vast experiment. The returns have hardly begun to come in, and they involve a continuous process of social audit. We should have intensive, quantitative studies of community by community, and not large generalizations based upon discredited theories of "the essential principles of law" and dramatic items in the daily press. Anyone who pretends to write scientifically on What Prohibition Has Done to America must surely make a critical study of the records—usually the very faulty and undependable records—of the police, prosecutors, criminal courts, correctional institutions, hospitals, social agencies, etc., etc. Moreover, law enforcement is distinctly a relative conception. There is involved, therefore, a comparison of "before" and "after," with all the eliminations and corrections of this process. Mr. Franklin writes as though disobedience of law were an invention directly attributable to the Eighteenth Amendment. One would think there never were the extensive scandals of the Raines Law sandwich and worse. Beyond the statistics in institutions immediately concerned with law enforcement and liquor, any judgment upon What Prohibition Has Done to America must trace down the subtler effects of such a social change as prohibition revealed through diverse indications in the social and industrial life of a community. One thing is certain: "what prohibition has done to America" cannot be ascertained from a priori conceptions about "liberty" and the allowable area of law-making. Like Mr. Franklin, I prefer a civilization with moderate drinking to the flatness of prohibition. But it is dangerous to identify one's personal preferences with the limits of Liberty. The opportunity to drink intoxicating liquors is not one of the Immutable Rights of Man.

Prohibition was written into the Federal Constitution with as much deliberation as attended the enactment of any amendment to the Constitution. Surely it is caricature to convey the impression, as does Mr. Franklin's book, that the Eighteenth Amendment came like a thief in the night, and mostly as the result of the machinations of the Anti-Saloon League. Certainly the prohibition movement did not lack persistent and powerful opposition. If the process by which this amendment came into the Constitution is sufficiently questionable to weaken respect for its enforcement, one hardly dare contemplate the moral justification of some of the other amendments. Such a process of personal judgment would make tatters of Constitution and laws. Whether we like it or not, the Eighteenth Amendment *is*. We ought to give the experiment a fair trial. A great people should not deal with a deliberately adopted social policy like a fickle child throwing away a new rattle.

In any event, all talk of repeal is futile. The problem is one of enforcement and not of repeal. The Eighteenth Amendment, I submit, itself furnishes the clues to the effective directions for its enforcement. In providing specifically for "concurrent" jurisdiction between the Federal Government and the States, it clearly implies the scope which the Federal Government and the States, respectively, should assume. The historic and intrinsic allotment of authority between federal and state action furnishes the basis of responsibility for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. This means that the federal effort should concentrate on performing the essentially federal function of excluding smuggling of liquor from foreign countries and dealing with interstate traffic,

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leaving to the states all intra-state violations of the law. Certainly this would absorb to the utmost federal capacity for achievement, and it would arrest the tendency to turn federal courts into police courts with all the degradation involved. On the other hand, it would throw the burden of dealing with intra-state conduct upon each state. Thus we would have a national policy with decentralized administration by the states, and national enforcement confined to the situations dependent upon national control. Let us give the Eighteenth Amendment, with such a scheme of enforcement, a fair trial for a reasonable length of time. If then the demonstrated evils falsify the expectations upon which it was based, it will be time deliberately to reverse the policy by the same process of amendment by which it was adopted.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

CORRESPONDENCE

Is the Public Responsible?

SIR: Your note replying to Dr. Jordan's letter in your issue of October 25th goes to the root of the problem you discuss. Out of the recent strikes, the only idea emerging in definite form that secures wide acceptance is the idea of the unquestioned rights of the public in labor controversies. From now on, much will be said about these rights; and I think you do well, in anticipation, to question their sanctity.

Apparently, a great deal of unrest is identified with basic industries. The reason for this lies chiefly in the nature of the work which laborers there must perform—the chief feature of which, in so far as it concerns them, is contact with machinery and repetition of simple operations. This condition arises from the fact that the national demand for products of basic industries is great enough to allow minute subdivision of labor and extensive use of machinery. The effect of all this is to make the laborer's work extremely monotonous and therefore repulsive, and to cause him to feel that it offers no compensation apart from his pay.

Roughly speaking, the public—as the term is used in relation to strikes—consists of those people who are not employed in basic industries, people who have more cause for being satisfied than discontented, whose work offers either variety, the satisfaction of completing definite tasks, association with other people, opportunity for development, or independence and freedom from outside restrictions—none of which goes with the work of the laborer in basic industries.

As industrial society becomes complex, a tendency operates to make it possible for a number of men to escape the most depressing forms of routine, and to impose upon another set of men the necessity of giving all their time, day after day, year after year, to a few simple operations that soon become deadening enough to teach those men to hate the work that constitutes their daily fare. The men who manage to keep above the basic class may deserve the advantages inherent in higher types of work. But that does not diminish their dependence upon lesser workers; nor should they forget that, were it not for an elaborate subdivision of labor which assigns the bulk of the routine to a separate class, they could not long enjoy the advantages which their own work and station in life afford. Only some great upheaval on the part of basic workers can remind the "public" of its dependence upon them—and even then the true relationship is not thoroughly recognized. It is true enough that the public does have rights in labor controversies, but it has responsibilities also. Such being the case, it should be noted that the clamor for public rights usually subsides as soon as the public's interests are out of danger. This "public" is composed of individuals, and each individual in good times is concerned mainly with his own interests, and is oblivious of what goes on around him. If he feels no responsibility for seeing that conditions which are the prerequisites of his own existence are wholesome, what right has he to complain when the disease of those conditions reaches his own household? If he is indifferent about the fate of workers in normal times, what right has he to expect them to be considerate of him in times that are not normal? The public doesn't need a legal recognition and defence of its rights nearly so much as it needs to ask why a defence of those rights is necessary.

CURTIS NETTELS.

Madison, Wisconsin.

The Sultan's Wives

SIR: Some time ago the New Republic performed the public service of exposing the New York Times's lack of accuracy in its Russian news. Will the editors not do a similar service in connection with a gross offence of the New York World? On Sunday, October 22nd, the World published a photograph of historic St. Sophia of Constantinople with the public square before this mosque, in which are walking some innocent passersby, as a picture of the Sultan's private garden and nine "wives" from his "harem."

Really one begins to think that the "reds" of our country are right when they ask us to doubt everything we read in the "Capitalist Press."

F. C. R., an ex-resident of Constantinople.

New York City.

Valuation of Railroads

SIR: The Supreme Court adopted the rule of allowing a "fair return on the fair value" of railroads in the attempt to find a formula which would reconcile the reduction of net earnings with the preservation of values unreduced. The attempt is futile, for a reduction in net earnings necessarily reduces value. The apparent reconciliation of the two in some cases is to be explained by imperfect measurements of value—in other words by not really protecting values from impairment. Now the attempt to devise a formula which will reconcile regulation with incentive to investors is quite a different matter—it is an attempt to discover how far values *may* be impaired ("confiscated," if you like) without reducing investments in the future. All that the Supreme Court has said in refining on the "value" concept is entirely irrelevant to the true problem of regulation—irrelevant indeed to any problem except that of reconciling the irreconcilable. Most lawyers, commissioners and engineers, however, lack the courage to recognize the futility of the Court's past proceedings, and the consequent futility of the Federal "valuation" of the railroads now under way. And it is entirely unrecognized by Mr. Richard Hoadley Tingley, in the article he contributes to your issue for October 4th.

ROBERT L. HALE.

Columbia University.

England's Rule in India

SIR: Arriving in this territory, on my way to England, I have found your issue of August 23rd with an article on India and the Empire. When you say that "the control of India has been exercised always for the social and pecuniary advantage of certain classes of British," you are being plus royaliste que le Roi. All sane Indian nationalists admit that we administer India with a single view to her interest as we see it. Their objection is that they see it differently, and that, even if our view of it were right, good government is no substitute for self-government. When we are serving in India, we are as exclusively concerned with her interests (as we see them) as an American expert lent (say) to the government of Chile would be with the interests of Chile so long as he held his post.

Your reference to the Prince of Wales is unjust. He risked his life in visiting India, because he thought it was his duty to India. Mr. Gandhi himself would scorn to excuse the bloodshed

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in Bombay by talking of the "provocation" of the Prince's visit.

I readily admit that I have read worse nonsense about the United States in English papers of as good standing as the New Republic. But we should be outgrowing this sort of thing.

B. W. S., an Indian Civil Servant.

Honolulu, T. H.

[Do sane Indian nationalists admit the singlemindedness of the British to the interest of India *as they see it* in these points:

1. The importation of cloth.
2. The military budget versus the educational.
3. The organization of the Indian army.
4. The atrocities in the Punjab, the massacre of Amritsar, and the treatment of men responsible.

If so all we can say is that either sane Indian nationalists believe a good deal, or the British administration sees very little.—THE EDITORS.]

Do You Know These Men?

SIR: I saw the following advertisement in the daily press and I am sending it to you with the thought that the hikers referred to are more likely to read your columns than the advertisements in a newspaper.

"Attention college men: Wanted two hikers, apparently college men, who ate in lunchroom between Wheeling, W. Va., and Zanesville, O., near Cambridge, about 5:30 A. M., June 27, while hiking to Columbus. They talked with an official of the United Mine Workers about impending labor trouble. These two young men can assist in saving lives of thirteen men. Vitally Important. If you do not know anything yourself pass this along. Telegraph at once collect to Earl Lewis, St. Clairsville, O."

JULIA LESSER.

Disabled Soldiers

SIR: You have used your influence to help keep the soldiers of the late war from getting a bonus. To be consistent you should be just as anxious to see them get what the law allows them. If you have been interested in what is being done for disabled soldiers it has escaped my notice. I am aware that our disabled soldiers are in the nature of a debt and most people do not like debts. I believe that our lawmakers have been whole-hearted and generous in their provision for the disabled soldiers, but those who carry out the provisions of the law act on the principle that they stand between a greedy and unjust creditor and our government. Unless I am misinformed the United States Veterans Bureau is playing with a stacked deck: No one outside of the Bureau is allowed to see the records without an order from the Secretary of War. There must be a reason for this secrecy, and perhaps you could find the reason if you cared to try. My own experience with the Bureau has been unfortunate. When I went into the service I was a strong hearty man and my average salary had been $250 per month. I was discharged from the service with a definite disability which has grown steadily worse. I have employed the best medical aid I know of at my own expense without benefit. Now I am unable to earn anything. For this I get $36 a month.

MARK WILCOX.

Dover, Pennsylvania.

Suggestions for Supplements

SIR: Now while the New Republic is intent on issuing respectable supplements, may I make some suggestions:

Ways and Means of Reducing the Possibilities of War, by Pershing, Wood and the next eight ranking generals of the U. S. Army.

What to Do to Make the Church Effective, by our ten leading Bishops (Bishop Williams excepted).

A Solution of Our Industrial Problems, by Gary, Ford, Dupont and seven other captains of industry to be chosen by these three.

Some Needed Readjustments in France. The houses of Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb and Company to designate ten of their most successful men, preferably bank presidents.

ETHAN G. EDLOFF.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Eugene O'Neill

The Hairy Ape, Anna Christie, The First Man, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL has had a great deal of foolish praise. But one of the outstanding signs in the course of his work is that he is the kind of man who will always outgrow his friends and who can survive praise that would ruin most artists. About him adjectives and lying anecdotes fill the air, and the word great has been scattered about like stage money. But the most significant thing that can be said about Mr. O'Neill's plays at this stage of the game is that his qualities are fundamental theatre. He is like a sculptor who, good or bad, is a sculptor in that he models a form solidly; it is at least sculpture as far as it goes. The blackest artistic fault in the average painting is that it might have been said in sculpture, the average music in poetry, and drama in fiction. The primary and the rarest thing in any art is to attain to an expression that is in terms of the fundamentals of that art and that could be said in no other.

In The Emperor Jones and The Hairy Ape the pattern is a theatre pattern: their outline belongs to the stage. In The Hairy Ape Mr. O'Neill has done what happens only once in a dramatic generation and almost never then, he has invented a fable. He has created a story that begins and moves and ends in a line so right, so just, so simple and inevitable that it might easily be taken for granted by the imagination of the American theatre. The dialogue that Mr. O'Neill writes is in terms of his art; in his best scenes it has what you see only in one out of thousands of plays, a quality that might make it almost impossible as literature but yet moving and right as theatre. He has a current of thought and feeling that is essentially theatrical, taken off the stage it might often seem exaggerated, out of taste or monotonous. At his best he is in control of a flow of compelling emotion and a strange quivering intensity that is not equalled in recent English drama.

But in the very excellence of The Hairy Ape there is something implied that makes it necessary that Mr. O'Neill go on. The case of his dialogue parallels exactly the case of the plays in the large. The best examples of dialogue in his plays, like that in the first act of Diff'rent, or the first act of Anna Christie or The Hairy Ape, are absolutely right as far as they go. The speeches carry us with them; they establish a stream of glowing and poignant and magnetic feeling. They bite; they have at times the precision and the thrill of poetry. But if you hear them often you begin to notice that they depend a good deal on single-track streams of emotion in the characters; they get results sometimes by repeating words over and over, sometimes merely by violent damns and oaths and unexpected frankness. You find them moving still but less engaging; you give to them more feeling than attention. These traits of dialogue need not in the least be faults in themselves. Yet the content of the dialogue would be deepened and widened if this secure and direct feeling were kept but at the same time there were more shadings in the words themselves and more inclusion through these words of the whole content of the dramatic moment. Without lessening its strength or its force the dramatic texture of this dialogue might sometimes be enriched.

What holds for the dialogue fits the plays of Mr. O'Neill's future; they will bear enriching. In the greatest drama there is a distribution of elements. However sweep-

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ing the emotion may be, the tragic beauty and the flight of the human spirit portrayed, there is in the whole sum of the work a balancing of things with a more complete view of the world and all that is in it. The Hairy Ape had only one thread. It was operatic, lyrical, in its interpretation of life. To think of it as a problem is absurd. It is what its author meant it to be, a powerful and picturesque statement of a thing that was insoluble. It was not even realism, but a sort of brutalism used lyrically. It was not revolutionary except in so far as it was a moving response to a certain human condition. The Hairy Ape was complete; what made it complete was not its comment on its material but its unity of emotion. In its high levels The Hairy Ape was perfect in its kind. But life nevertheless is more complex than all that. It was on the side of this larger complexity and grasp that Diff'rent went to pieces at the end and Anna Christie failed, in so far as it did fail, to reach a bang-up and right conclusion. There are more and more elements to be considered as one's art develops. The intellectual weight and measure is one of the parts of us that drama involves as well as the more poignantly felt circumstance.

That this progression toward a wider complexity is dangerous, so sensitive a mind as that behind these plays knows, none better. One may be able to do a more or less single-minded thing well enough, but fail in others. A man like Mr. O'Neill may stumble and despair long before he finds—if he ever does—the same mastery in this more complex venture that he has achieved in his earlier work. His friends will protest, they will beg him to stick to his very own art. But fortunately a man like Mr. O'Neill has more brains than many of his admirers. He will know that such venture and progression is only the danger that follows vitality, the perpetual risk in all growth. He will know that an artist must go on or fail—and even fail if it must be—since there is never any going back.

I am not saying that Mr. O'Neill ought to do this, that or the other; such critical exhortation is a stupid intrusion —I am saying that from his best work I think that he will. In The Hairy Ape he got himself through; he found a complete outlet for what he was in relation to the theme he chose. And yet it remained temperamental, seen with an original and strong intelligence but moody. That need not be a defect, but it can be a limitation. Mr. O'Neill will be finding more and more in his plays a wider outlet for his relation to a wider world of life. His poetry will be freer; it will rest easier in mere beauty itself; it will have more admission and understanding of pure beauty, romance, delight and even ecstasy. His realism will be less than formerly the use of the actual to support a glowing and passionate mood. It will be more the patient and inexhaustible study of reality in order to find the one essential line that conveys the truth of it. Mr. O'Neill has his own kind of construction already learned. With the structure well contrived he will be able to take the opportunity of putting in as much choiceness as he likes. He can give to work that is strongly built an actual and unescapable selection from reality. He can give it a further distinction, the echo of his most delicate world. He can haunt the shadings of the play, haunt the mere words with his own hidden life until they are closer to him, as the dream of the play is already close. From his best scenes now I keep an impression like that I keep of music long after I have heard it. The experience remains curiously uninteresting and vague and at the same time beautiful and vivid. But if things go right with him Mr. O'Neill will not stay where he is. In the art toward which the author of Anna Christie is moving, the poignancy of music and the nature and comment of the world of life will balance and measure and justify each other.

This does not in the least mean that Mr. O'Neill will have to go into conclusions, preaching, argument, problematic themes. It means only that he will find what will be his own truth as he goes on, and that it will grow with his growth. This truth will be what he thinks is the sum, the account, of all the elements involved in his material. As in The Hairy Ape already, in a more single line, this truth will be his escape to which he wins his way. It will be the avenue of his liberation from his matter; the only thing that can make him free of the burden of that world he creates and judges.

STARK YOUNG.

To the One of Fictive Music

Sister and mother and diviner love,
And of the sisterhood of the living dead
Most near, most clear, and of the clearest bloom,
And of the fragrant mothers the most dear
And queen, and of diviner love the day
And flame and summer and sweet fire, no thread
Of cloudy silver sprinkles in your gown
Its venom of renown, and on your head
No crown is simpler than the simple hair.

Now, of the music summoned by the birth
That separates us from the wind and sea,
Yet leaves them in us until earth becomes,
By being so much of the things we are,
Gross effigy and simulacrum, none
Gives motion to perfection more serene
Than yours, out of our imperfections wrought,
Most rare, or ever of more kindred air
In the laborious weaving that you wear.

For so retentive of themselves are men
That music is intensest which proclaims
The near, the clear, and vaunts the clearest bloom,
And of all vigils musing the obscure
That apprehends the most which sees and names,
As in your name, an image that is sure,
Among the arrant spices of the sun,
O bough and bush and scented vine, in whom
We give ourselves our likest issuance.

Yet not too like, yet not so like to be
Too near, too clear, saving a little to endow
Our feigning with the strange unlike, whence springs
The difference that heavenly pity brings.
For this, musician, in your girdle fixed
Bear other perfumes. On your pale head wear
A band entwining, set with fatal stones.
Unreal, give back to us what once you gave:
The imagination that we spurned and crave.

WALLACE STEVENS.

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The Philosophy of Conservatism

Outspoken Essays (Second Series), by William Ralph Inge, C. V. O., D. D., F. B. A., Dean of St. Paul's. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

DEAN INGE is one of the ablest and wittiest writers of our time; moreover he is a man of entire sincerity, willing to concede much that seems to go against his general position, and prepared to follow his beliefs wherever they may lead him. Although he is outspoken and often contemptuous, he is not irritating even when one most disagrees with him. In addition to being eminent as a Platonist and student of neo-Platonism, he holds strong views on political philosophy—the views of a genuine Tory, such as are scarcely to be found in our day among practical politicians. What he has to say almost always deserves respect, but very seldom (in any case) commands agreement.

The broad outline of his position is: That society cannot be held together without religion; that Christianity, as interpreted by Platonic theologians, is true; that there is no reason to expect progress here on earth, especially in material ways, since the only true good consists in eternal life, to be understood timelessly, not as an unending series of moments; that industrialism is a disaster, probably irremediable; that patriotism, as understood by English gentlemen, is good, but the German deification of the state introduced by Hegel is bad; that the white man is quite likely to be overwhelmed by the yellow man, chiefly because the latter is not afflicted with trade unions; that in civilized countries the best stocks are dying out, and degeneration can only be prevented by birth-control combined with eugenics; and that the Victorian age was, like that of Pericles and that of Elizabeth, a high-water mark to which we shall not soon attain again. He dislikes plutocrats and proletarians, capitalists and communists, the yellow press and the Labor revolt against it—in a word, everything characteristic of a modern industrial community. He likes the public schools, Oxford and Cambridge, country life, learning, the liberal professions, and aristocracy. Aristocracy is the keynote of his conservatism. The best types of human beings, he holds, cannot be produced in a population without social inequality, but can only be a fine flower to which the lower classes supply the manure. And he thinks the best types so valuable that where they have died out a community must perish or become worthless.

This question of aristocracy is the one which, more than any other, divides the philosophic Conservative from the philosophic Socialist. The motive power to Socialism is the sense of justice which, in the less fortunate members of the community, is a rationalization of envy. The motive power to aristocracy is that aspect of the gregarious instincts which leads some to assert leadership of the herd and others to follow willingly. Both socialism and aristocracy have a backing in instinct. A man who has one set of instincts stimulated will take one side, and a man who has the other set stimulated will take the other. Is there then no *rational* ground for a choice? Against the man who considers inequality a good in itself, perhaps the only argument is to make him experience inferiority; but against those who maintain, like Dean Inge, that aristocracy is necessary for the finer flowers of civilization, rational arguments can be advanced.

Historically, aristocracies have had the merits of fearlessness, vigorous personality, and (at certain times) encouragement to art and learning. They have had the demerits of cruelty, oppression, narrow-mindedness, and pugnacity. Their virtues came of leisure and economic security; their vices came of their social superiority. Science and industrialism have made it technically possible to give economic security with sufficient leisure to everybody; the result ought to be that everybody would have the virtues of aristocracy and nobody would have its vices. As yet, the correlative vices which the old system has bred in masters and slaves respectively have made it politically impossible for men to take full advantage of the technical possibilities, which they prefer to use for the purpose of killing each other. But there is no reason to believe that this folly will last for ever. Industrialism, as the Dean truly says, has hitherto been productive of evil; so was agriculture during the many centuries when it was thought to require human sacrifice to propitiate the corn spirit. Nowadays we offer human sacrifices to the machine spirit; but when we have learned to use machines without worshipping them, as we have at last learned to use agriculture, we shall be able to reap the benefit of them. The harm does not come from machines, but from our superstitious reverence for them.

The book is full of sayings of great excellence. His protest against the intolerable Narcissism of the worship of Humanity deserves agreement even from those who cannot find anything else to worship in the existing world:

> Our personal idealists need to be reminded of Aristotle's words, that there are many things in the world more divine than man. Anthropolatry is the enemy; it has vitiated much modern philosophy. True philosophy is theocentric. The world is a hymn sung by the creative Logos to the glory of God the Father.

This view, true or false, is surely preferable to the grovelling microscopic vision of those philosophers whose serious attention is confined to this petty planet and the grovelling animalcules that crawl upon its surface.

Some epigrams are so good that it is impossible to resist quoting them.

> It is only those who half envy the wicked here who want to roast them hereafter.
>
> Materialistic dogmaticism is the clerical form of dogmatic materialism.
>
> [On vegetarianism] If we assume that survival has a value for the brutes, no one has so great an interest in the demand for pork as the pig.
>
> Our quarrel with Germany, and the consequent downfall of the monarchy there, must not blind us to the fact that before the war that country was the best governed in Europe.
>
> Some have said that human beings are not moved by abstractions; the truth is that they are seldom moved by anything else.
>
> Lord Acton says bluntly, "The theory of nationalism is more absurd and more criminal than Socialism," a verdict which would have been more telling without the comparison, for Socialism is not necessarily absurd or criminal; it is only a machine which has hitherto refused to work, whereas nationalism works a great deal too well.
>
> Of all aggregates, states are the most shameless in their conduct, when they act as states. To worship the state is to worship a demon who has not even the redeeming quality of being intelligent.

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After enumerating the objections to participation in the war raised by Quakers, Socialists, and Norman-Angellites respectively, he says:

> These are all, it seems to me, reasonable attitudes, and I am unable to make a distinction by saying that the first objection is conscientious, the second and third only intellectual. I am not conscious of becoming unconscientious when I begin to think.

It is a pity Dean Inge was not employed to preach to the tribunals. Nevertheless, he concludes that the state had a right to coerce Quakers, while, per contra, it is morally justifiable to smuggle alcohol into a country that has gone dry. It is to be hoped that he will amplify this view in a series of lectures in Philadelphia.

Discussing the Communism of Plato's Republic, he maintains that "Communism is only possible under two conditions. One is the abolition of the family. . . . The other indispensable condition is a religious basis, in the absence of which quarrels soon break out, ending in early disruption." Both these statements have a measure of truth, but both, stated thus absolutely, seem misleading. As regards the family, what is essential is the abolition of inheritance and of the power of purchasing superior education for one's children. The kind of care and affection for children which is not concerned with things having a money value and does not, therefore, put them into a separate social class, does not seem incompatible with communism, provided the community is able and willing to supply the necessaries of life and education. As for the religious basis, no doubt, where the communistic community consists of people whose mental habits have been formed in our competitive societies, some powerful motive of cohesion will be required; but the necessity of resisting reactionaries may be relied upon to produce a sufficiently compelling motive for a generation, after which new mental habits and unquestioning acceptance of economic justice may be expected to suffice. The argument from small voluntary communistic communities surrounded by competitive capitalism, which is employed by the Dean, is by no means applicable to large communistic states. And his occasional remarks about the Bolsheviks show him to be a somewhat credulous reader of the Times.

Eugenics supply Dean Inge with a number of specious arguments against various types of social reformers. The argument is: Nature is more important than nurture; therefore, it is vital to breed our population from the best stocks rather than the worst; now the best stocks are in the middle classes, especially the learned professions; these at present have the lowest birth-rate, and are actually not reproducing their numbers; therefore, the biological quality of the population is deteriorating. (So far, the argument is probably sound.) The cause of the trouble is said to be that the middle classes are overtaxed, and that the good education which they demand is too expensive. Let free elementary education be abolished, and the system of scholarships be so worked as to give free advanced education to the children of professionals. (There is, of course, also an argument concerning the feeble-minded, but that hardly has a political complexion.) Is it not obvious, however, that the trouble comes from snobbery, from the desire to establish oneself and one's children as high as possible on the social ladder? Given equality and the abolition of classes, motives would operate quite differently. Free advanced education ought to be given to those best able to profit by it, not to those whose parents are well-to-do. There is much that is valid in the arguments of eugenists as to the biological evils of our present system. But it is strange that they do not perceive the only possible remedy for these evils, namely, Socialism; so long as inheritance and social inequality persist, they cannot be remedied. The Socialist state *may* ignore them, and if so it will ultimately come to grief; but it can tackle them successfully if it chooses, and no other kind of state can. It is to be hoped, however, that nothing will be done about these problems until our knowledge is far greater than it is at present. And it is much to be feared that governments will regard their opponents as ipso facto feeble-minded. Dean Inge says: "The theory and practice of government are divided between sociologists, who have knowledge but no power, and politicians, who have power but no knowledge." He has here allowed himself to lapse into optimism. Sociologists have very little knowledge, and that little vitiated by social prejudices; politicians have very little power, being controlled by blind forces, material, financial and popular. Even the most learned and scientific are, as yet, the victims of their passions in their political thinking. Until the majority have learned to think independently of their passions, mankind will remain the sport of circumstance, tossed up and tossed down, like a little boat on a stormy sea.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

The English in Egypt

Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

THIS volume is a textbook in imperialism. It is a record of close observation of the forces, human instruments and events which resulted in the stifling of the national aspirations of one people and their subjection to the will of another. Blunt was extraordinarily fitted in person and position to conduct these observations. He had come to know intimately the various peoples of Islam during journeys between 1873 and 1880. From the latter date he lived much of his time in Cairo, where he witnessed the oppression of the Egyptian fellahin at the hands of a government which was in effect a revolted satrapy of Turkey, and whose venality and fear put it at the mercy of foreign money lenders and the nations which backed them. He was the close friend and adviser of the Egyptian Nationalists, of whom Arabi Pasha became the dominating figure. At the same time through his family connections in England and especially through old acquaintances in the diplomatic service he was able to keep informed of the development of a situation in the British Cabinet, in Parliament, and in European diplomacy which brought about the occupation of Egypt. Although a private citizen, he was able to bring pressure to bear on public men and in a measure to influence public events. He accepted responsibility for the advice which led Arabi and the Nationalists to refuse to surrender the forts at Alexandria on the demand of the British Admiral: and on the other hand it is clear that but for his determined intervention Arabi would have been handed over to the Khedive to be shot. It may be thought that Blunt's ardent partisanship disqualified him for the function of observer. He writes, however, with eminent restraint and candor. He has no illusions about Arabi and the Egyptian fellahin who followed him. And in regard to his own country his testimony has the force of a witness who is convinced against his will. At the beginning of his

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observation he declares: "Nothing was further from my mind than that we English ever could be guilty, as a nation, of a great betrayal of justice in arms for our mere selfish interests." Throughout the story nothing is more pathetic than his trust in the ultimate decency of Englishmen of the ruling caste, and in something beyond decency in such a leader as Gladstone; yet in his disillusionment he does not apportion the blame narrowly. "England's decay," he notes, "rests upon causes far more general than any one man or party of men can be responsible for. We fail because we are no longer honest, no longer just, no longer gentlemen."

There was one other Englishman who had a commanding part in the drama of Egypt's downfall; that was Sir Charles Dilke, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's ministry, his nominal chief being the extraordinarily indolent and stupid Lord Granville. Dilke was not unlike Blunt in certain respects, among them being a curious knowledge of the forces which manifest themselves in diplomacy, and particularly as they concern Islam and the East. In striking fashion Dilke's memoirs, written from a totally opposite point of view, confirm Blunt's Secret History. Blunt places the convention by which Beaconsfield and Salisbury extorted the cession of Cyprus from the Sultan before the Congress of Berlin as "the point of departure for England of a new policy of spoliation and treacherous dealing in the Levant, foreign to her traditional ways." It was Cyprus which led to England's acquiescence in the unprovoked seizure of Tunis by the French. Then remarks Dilke cynically, "Steps were taken on behalf of Lord Hartington, Lord Granville and myself to see whether now that France had knocked another bit out of the bottom of the Ottoman Empire by her attack on Tunis we ought not to try to get any compensation in Egypt for ourselves." (Life of Sir Charles Dilke, Vol. 1, page 450.) It was during Dilke's visit to Gambetta, his intimate friend, that the latter put forward his scheme for joint control of Egyptian finances in behalf of the foreign bondholders by England and France. This control of the Egyptian budget was the initial issue between the Nationalist Egyptian ministers of whom Arabi was chief and the foreign powers, the Khedive hating both and playing one against the other.

Rioting in Alexandria in July, 1882, led to the despatch of the British fleet, the bombarding of the city and the final defeat of Arabi at Tel el Kebir. Blunt quotes a telegram from the Khedive to the Governor of Alexandria inciting the riots on the ground that they would discredit Arabi. Dilke cautiously absolves Arabi in the words: "I believed on the information furnished me from Alexandria and Cairo that they [the riots] were the work of the revolutionary leaders in the capital. A long time afterwards I gradually came to think that this had not been so, and that they had been purely local and spontaneous." (op. cit. page 460.) Nothing brings into sharper contrast the essential characters of the two men than their attitude toward these ill-omened disorders. When Arabi had restored order Blunt telegraphed him frankly: "Praise God for victory and peace." Dilke cites this "abominable telegram" (which he quotes without the last two words) as a reason for his suspicion that the disorders had been excited by the Nationalist leaders. Unfortunately it was Dilke who was on the inside. He made the ultimatum: "Either Arabi must go or I will." (Op. cit. page 462.) Blunt on the outside was employing every resource of personal influence, publicity and parliamentary inquiry to save the honor of his country—all in vain. Mr. Gladstone, with his own Midlothian speeches ringing in his ears, hesitated, but in the end succumbed. It was the political situation of the ministry that made him a jingo. Blunt notes that it was at the same Cabinet meeting that the coercion of Ireland and the attack upon Egypt were decided. He records his conviction that "in all this there was far less of statesmanship or even financial intrigue than of personal pique."

Thus are empires built, and thus they decay. The occupation of Egypt was a flagrant act of spoliation, prepared by adept intrigue and at length consummated in the sight of the world. It was a sequel, it is true, to the cession of Cyprus and the seizure of Tunis, but it was the more monstrous in that it took place at the expense, not of the decaying Turkish sovereignty, but of a genuine national movement of a people long oppressed, such a movement as Mr. Gladstone had made it his glory to praise and support. He found his chief excuse and palliation in the promise to withdraw from Egypt. How deeply the need of some excuse was felt is shown by the number of times that the British government during the last forty years repeated that promise until it became the lie with such monstrous circumstance as the Milner Commission. The occupation of Egypt had the immediate results which Mr. Gladstone prophesied in 1877. He foresaw then that the possession of Egypt would be "the egg of a North African empire" that would demand extension to the Cape. What he did not see was that it would give the signal for the fierce scramble of the European powers for empire everywhere, and lead to the partition of Africa, to the incursions upon Asia, and finally to the gigantic quarrel of the predatory nations over the diminishing loot of the world, in which millions of boys, including some of his own descendants, would die.

Blunt's later connection with Egypt is one of the threads running through the fascinating volumes of My Diaries. He purchased an estate near Cairo, where he lived part of the year, a constant reminder to his countrymen of their broken faith, a constant thorn in the flesh of the British administrators, Cromer and Gorst. He took every opportunity to befriend Egypt and keep her cause before the world, fighting a weary and losing fight against the greed of the few and the indifference of the many which together make up public opinion. What discouraged him most was the indifference, the lack of conscience on the part of a nation. Readers of the Diaries will recall the pathetic passage written on July 11, 1912. "Anniversary of the bombardment of Alexandria thirty years ago today, and there is no sign of repentance in this country. I am the only person left who remembers that abominable event and who still protests." The present volume is a renewal of that protest.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Patriotic Verse

Poems of American Patriotism, chosen by Brander Matthews. Revised and extended edition. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

PERHAPS, like myself, you are not at all sure what patriotism is, and you read this collection in the hope of finding out. The answer is disheartening. Patriotism turns out to be that passion for one's own side in time of war which excites, rather than inspires, small poets to the

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use of big language. It isn't a love of the soil, apparently, because the soil is always there, but rather the love for an abstraction which becomes worth writing verse about only when there is a scrap. A poem about American skies, trees, stone walls or an American girl isn't nearly as "patriotic" as one about the man who led the hopeless cavalry charge or who died bravely taking their land away from Mexicans or who was sorry he had only one life to give for his country. Wouldn't we think love an unreal emotion if poets wrote love poems only when their beloved happened to stop a foeman's bullet or win a Carnegie medal for rescuing rash swimmers?

Whenever "patriotism" runs wild, it is so violent and catching an emotion that we are apt to forget how unreal it is at bottom. In reminding us of this unreality, Mr. Brander Matthews's collection is encouraging. If "patriotism" can call forth nothing better than these feeble and inflated jingles, its roots can't be very deep, and there is some hope of its dying out eventually. Of course there are exceptions in the volume. O Captain, My Captain, still has some power to move us, but more because Walt Whitman and Lincoln were great, genuine lovable figures than because it is "patriotic." Alan Seeger's I Have a Rendezvous with Death, about the best poem in the book, isn't patriotic at all, but purely personal. There are a number of pleasantly stirring narratives—Holmes's Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill, for instance. Yet most of the stuff is dismal rhetoric. Barbara Frietchie seems far sillier even than one had remembered. And the incident never occurred at all, hinting that probably all the heroic episodes patriot poets sing about happened, if at all, at any rate quite differently and certainly more interestingly. Paul Revere's Ride, which must really have been quite exciting even for his horse, seems a pathetically bloodless piece. And these are high spots in patriotic poetry, comparing favorably with Joel Benton's Cleveland,

> Who went at dawn to that high star
> Where Washington and Lincoln are

or Mr. Henry Van Dyke's pride at living

> In our beautiful big country beyond the ocean bars
> Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars,

or with The Star Spangled Banner itself, and its sloppy stanzas running wild with the hasty elaborate gaudiness of a sumac tree.

No wonder a number of people, who on the whole are very fond of the country they live it, don't care to have this feeling described as "patriotism." It would be interesting to know what the heroes celebrated by this versified bunk thought of it—those soldiers of ours who, in '76, in 1812, in the Civil War and four years ago swore a good deal, and slept miles from home, and did what they were told, at night singing sentimentally around camp fires, on the march shouting those gay queer nonsense songs which mean so little and so much.

Mr. Wyeth's illustrations are on the whole better than the book, but not too good for it. While his Sherman and Grant are pleasant, there are too many bronzed fighters of an arrow collar type with jaws thickened by heroism. Even the eagle on the inside of the covers would certainly be scorned by others of his species as an arrow collar bird.

ROBERT LITTELL.

A History of Labor Legislation

Labor Problems and Labor Legislation, by John B. Andrews. New York: The American Association for Labor Legislation. Cloth 75c. and paper 30c.

THE up-to-dateness of this little book can be judged by the fact that it carries the Coronado decision neatly fitted into its proper chapter. It is not only up-to-date but amazingly well done. Here in big readable type, on 135 pocket-sized pages, with scores of good photographs, charts, maps and industrial cartoons, is the labor history of a century in America—particularly from the viewpoint of labor legislation. Mr. Andrews has achieved a masterpiece of concentration. If an artist is one who from a limitless field selects the few lines, colors, notes or episodes which are the most effective for his case, we must admit Mr. Andrews to the ranks. He gives us the golden nugget of fact in respect to unemployment, wages, hours, industrial accidents and diseases, trade unions, social insurance, and the enforcement of labor laws. One can see that his sympathies are strongly in favor of pretty sweeping labor legislation, but he is no dangerous red. He believes in a square deal to the employer, and a square deal to that indefinable monster, the "public."

Particularly interesting is it to trace in his pages the evolution of the attitude of state legislatures towards labor laws. At first they would have nothing to do with them —such things having been divinely regulated for all times according to the doctrines of the Manchester school. When the divine regulations collapsed under the machine process, the sundry legislatures began gingerly to pass a law or two in spite of the obvious sacrilege. But in these laws they defined with great minuteness just what should and should not be done. And they neglected to provide, furthermore, practical means for administering their laws:

> Under the American theory of government the legislature is given the duty of investigating conditions and drafting necessary measures in accordance therewith. Growing complexity of conditions makes the duty more and more difficult, if not impossible to fulfill. Legislative assemblies composed mainly of lawyers and farmers cannot hope to become experts on technical industrial matters. Moreover, even if they do investigate all details, the resulting legislation in a short time becomes out of date and ceases to be applicable to every establishment in every circumstance.

Faced with this impasse, legislatures recently have begun to take the important step of making their labor laws general without defining their scope specifically, and then creating an expert permanent commission to lay down the specific application through local rulings subject to the ultimate veto of the legislature or the courts. This bespeaks an almost human intelligence on the part of the lawyers and farmers.

The count of state performance in labor legislation to date is an impressive one from the standpoint of the stygian darkness of the '50's, but a melancholy one from the standpoint of what modern knowledge dictates it should be, or even in comparison with similar legislation in other countries. The smashing of the federal Employment Service by Congress in 1919; the slow and precarious growth of minimum wage legislation, of eight hour laws and of laws covering occupational diseases; the failure of safety and accident laws to fix either responsibility or adequate stand-

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ards; the backwardness of all social insurance legislation (except possibly accident); the laxity of inspection and administration even when good laws are on the statute books; the lack of uniformity from state to state; and the never ending stream of monkey wrenches hurled by the courts—all combine to make the record not one upon which America should particularly congratulate itself. But the record, such as it is, could hardly be summarized more admirably. As an accountant, I wish that Mr. Andrews had included, in an appendix, a columnar table showing the status of labor legislation state by state.

Finally I am going to give a valuable prize to that man or woman who first produces a labor manuscript without the words—"manless job and jobless man."

STUART CHASE.

The Boy Grew Older

The Boy Grew Older, by Heywood Broun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

HEYWOOD BROUN, in spite of his enormous output in newspaper and magazine, has found time to write a novel, The Boy Grew Older. The stream of his easy-going comment pouring out of the World has temporarily, with the slight check of a plot, run into a pool bounded by the covers of a book. The story is that of a column conductor on the sport page of a daily newspaper who marries a temperamental singer. Upon the birth of a son her temperament carries her abroad, leaving the son and father deserted. The father undertakes to rear the child somewhat after the manner of Charlie Chaplin in The Kid. He plots his son's life after his own, only to find Peter Neale, Jr., in the end a misfit, heir to his mother's temperament and talent, and eager when she calls to follow her. Except for his creation of two very real new people, Maria Algarez, the wife, and Vonnie of the Bandana Sisters, the author is the same Heywood Broun whose primrose path we eagerly follow through the World. The style, the buffoonery, some of the anecdotes and the two characters Peter Neale and Peter Neale, Jr., are familiar but none the less continuously amusing.

We believe, however, that Mr. Broun has made an obstacle for himself in writing a novel which he need never have faced in writing a column. Namely, emotion. There is significant action in his story. Therefore the proprieties —Mr. Broun dislikes the proprieties—of story telling demand that he shall face his characters at some critical moment with deep feeling. Two or three times emotion came skipping down the road toward him like a piece of white paper and like a horse he shied and dumped the cart over. "There was no trace of the shadow upon Pat next day. Peter was the haggard one. Something had gone out of him during the night as he held Pat in his arms. Father and child were doing as well as could be expected." Now who can take this father's love for his son seriously if Mr. Broun refuses to let us, by this last remark? The fact that the joke's not very good only proves to us that the writer wanted to let himself jump into this emotional bit, but felt too foolish to do it when it came to the point: he ran away and flung back an uncertain witticism.

The tragedy of the funny man is not, as is so often claimed, that the public demands he shall be funny to eternity and die a clown, but that, having begun laughing himself to escape an occasional tear, he never after dares to cry his eyes out, even in the private pages of a novel. There is pathos in the fact that no matter which parent lavishes exclusive attention and direction upon a child in the hope of making him more or less into his own image or at least into an image of this parent's imagining, nevertheless the other parent, incidental only to the child's birth, may come, by force of heredity and the child's own will, to claim him in the end. And the parent whose life has been absorbed in the child is left empty-handed. It is Mr. Broun's partial recognition of this pathos which provokes us to upbraid him. One feels he hasn't dared its full significance. His women are hard, and his men—including himself the hero—are too proud to be anything but amusing. Well, that's delightful in a newspaper, but it makes a novel miss fire.

However, one cannot but be glad whenever there is a little more of a good thing, and Heywood Broun is as present in his book as in his column. His humor, his fecundity, his genial euthusiasms and his wide appeal put him beyond the reach of "the higher criticism."

RUTH PICKERING.

The Vice of Amiability

The Critical Game, by John Macy. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Appraisements and Asperities, by Felix E. Schelling. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.00.

THE dissociation of virtues into literary and non-literary ones has scarcely begun in this country. For instance, the grip on literature of certain specialized virtues of genteelness has been broken mainly by other less objectionable but almost equally non-literary virtues. The bleachers crowd at a ball game does better. It dissociates the baseball virtues of hard batting, fast baserunning, accurate throwing, intelligent and coordinated teamplay from, let us say, the friendly spirit of the athletes. Most of all, it ridicules playing to the grandstand. It demands that the player's centre of interest be wholly in the game he is playing. Literary audiences are not so keen in judging a game that requires considerably more precision, intelligence and beauty than baseball and should be at least as dangerous—the game of criticism . . .

John Macy is an addict of a non-literary ideal, amiability. He professes the wish, not so much to write intelligently and beautifully as to write entertainingly. That is, his centre of interest is in the public. That is, he is a grandstand player. Consequently, he is always stopped short of a crystallization by a fear of solemnity (seriousness without intensity). He permits his mentality to fatten beneath a cloak of amiability. With many of his preferences, social dissents and preliminary formulations, the present critic agrees. His protest is that Mr. Macy does not follow them through, that he does not attempt final statements. Thus, Mr. Macy is right in asserting that criticism is one form of the game of writing, inspired by the same motives and achieved by the same mental processes as any other form of literature. He is right in saying next that the final test of criticism is its excellence as writing. The following step then would be to proclaim the critic an artist and the criticism an art-form—which Mr. Macy does quite inconsequentially while fiddling about with the relations of

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"artist and critic" and critic and public. A clear realization of the end-product of his thinking, however, would have settled more decisively his worries in these irrelevant matters. For if the critic is an artist, then he inevitably loses all responsibility to anything but himself and his medium: he becomes autonomous.

Elsewhere, Mr. Macy does even less thinking. He accepts one of De Gourmont's statements on the subjective nature of all art as an excuse for his own "personal" writing. He is not himself a foggy impressionist, but unlimited impressionism would be the logical extension of his complete acceptance. It has not occurred to him that a disciplined subjectivism, a subjectivism anchored in the problems of the work criticized, a subjectivism raked forth and back by an analytic mind (which Mr. Macy has not) might produce a result which could be given the relative term, objective. Perhaps his greatest error was made when he asks how a reader can feel something unless he first understands. The placing of comprehension before sensitiveness makes one believe that Mr. Macy is quite uncomfortable in modern art galleries.

He actually believes it is easier to handle artistic excellences—*life in its highest manifestations—than it is to* handle raw materials!

Professor Schelling is a far more devastated victim of amiability. He exhibits such excessive symptoms as "every review is an expression of an opinion: that this opinion be honestly arrived at, is all that we can demand" (what is honesty but adherence to the rules of fair play?); "the writings of Hamilton Mabie perturbed and troubled nobody" (uttered as praise); in the familiar essay "we have the daintiest, the purest and the most delightful of all the forms of literature."

Mr. Macy permits his critical powers to be stalled by amiability: he is properly an essayist, not a critic, a contriver of ingenious biographical theories, not an aesthetician. Professor Schelling has as far as I can see no other quality than a disarming friendliness. It would be unfair, however, not to say that both gentlemen exercise a critical acumen toward themselves. Professor Schelling constantly refers to his literary occupation and himself as humble: he admits he is out of his depth in discussing Santayana. Mr. Macy states that he does not take his essays seriously, refers to himself as "a small fellow," and to his papers as "small craft."

To both, it may be said that writing up to the last stretch of their powers would make a far more exciting spectacle even if they became quite surly and indifferent toward their readers.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

The Beginnings of Christianity

The Beginnings of Christianity. Part I: The Acts of the Apostles. Edited by F. J. Foakes Jackson, D. D., and Kirsopp Lake, D. D. Vol. II: Prolegomena II, Criticism. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.00.

LIKE its predecessor this second volume is the work of many hands, ten in all, including the two editors. The treatment is opened by that very exact and cautious scholar, Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, with "The Greek and Jewish traditions of writing history," who emphasizes the freedom with which the ancients treated their sources; they regarded a thorough stylistic revision of documents employed as a positive duty, while the free composition of speeches to bring out the significance of crucial occasions was held a supreme test of the historian's art.

After two highly specialistic articles on the Greek of Acts and the use of the Septuagint, Professor F. C. Burkitt writes briefly on "The use of Mark in the Gospel according to Luke." He begins with an unfortunate assumption, that where "Luke does thus follow Mark he had no other source available." Now this takes for granted something that is vigorously questioned by Synoptic specialists and even by Professor Burkitt himself, than whom no one has stated more clearly the evidence for a non-Markan basis of Luke's Passion narrative. Why limit the supplementary sources to the Passion narrative? Our volume alludes not infrequently to the "secure data" gained from Luke's editorial treatment of Mark; why was no effort made to classify and tabulate these data? They are of vastly greater importance than the Septuagint contacts, which are so carefully drawn up.

On page 121 the editors take a hand with eighty-six pages on "The internal evidence of Acts," and they accept as proved Professor Torrey's argument for Aramaic sources. This is important but additional evidence should be adduced in the next volume; at present the theory is not more than probable. In the first five chapters of Acts Harnack's source distinction is followed, but no detailed analysis is attempted for the next five. From the end of the eleventh chapter into the sixteenth Schwartz' theory is favored. That is, at both Paul's second and third visits to Jerusalem, messengers (on quite different missions) cause delegates to be sent from Antioch (for quite different reasons) and after both Paul with a companion (Barnabas in one case, Silas in the other) go to southern Asia Minor (the first time by way of Crete, the second by land direct). So all of this may really have happened only once. But, as the doublets are by no means surprisingly "double," the editors content themselves with saying "the theory is attractive."

The discussion of the latter part of Acts turns necessarily around the "we sections," with the conclusion that the linguistic tests are inconclusive. A close study of the purpose of Acts leads to well balanced results, while the summary of Luke's theology is most interesting, particularly in its bearing on the (non-Roman?) origin of the Apostles' Creed.

The second half of the volume is concerned with the identity of "Luke." Dr. Cadbury states the tradition at length (fifty-six pages) and includes everything of the slightest relevance down to the fifth century. Then Mr. C. W. Emmet presents "The case for the tradition" in an open minded manner, banking chiefly on an early date for Acts and the correctness of the portrait of Paul "so far as it goes." Dr. Hans Windisch rejoins in "The case against the tradition" and says just about what might be expected, including a little too much on the Galatian controversy; he is at his best in treating the non-Pauline speeches ascribed to Paul. It cannot be said that this debate gets very much of anywhere; the one thing clear is that the picture of Paul in Acts is drawn from a very middle of the road Christian standpoint. Is this the deliberate work of a conciliatory friend of the Apostle or does it come from the next generation's reading back its own ideas? Either is possible,—and the result much the same.

Dr. Cadbury and the editors discuss a few subsidiary points on pp. 349-359, and the latter state they incline

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towards believing that Luke wrote the "we sections" with the narrative adhering to them, but that Acts as a whole is the work of an editor writing about 95-100 A. D. But they do not commit themselves.

Dr. McGiffert then appears in "The Historical Criticism of Acts in Germany," written with inevitable distinction and extreme objectivity. Then Mr. J. W. Hunkin presents "British Work on the Acts" which aims to leave out as little as possible from Pelagius to the present day. His article is a masterpiece of condensation, but most of it seems out of place in this book.

This carries us down to the end of the volume proper, but three appendices follow. The first contains two studies which, to quote the editors, "may appear to have little connection with Acts." They are "The Story of St. Francis of Assisi," by Mr. G. C. Coulton, and "The Story of Margaret Catchpole," by the editors. Their purpose is to illustrate difficulties in the transmission of evidence.

The first certainly seems to have marvellously little connection with Acts, for it states explicitly that its results parallel Gospel investigation and even prints a table to show the relation of the St. Francis tradition to that of the Gospels. If a parallel with Gospel study is really to be deduced (a difficult matter, as the conditions are so different) the results are conservative, for even in the *Fioretti*, "the Fourth Gospel of Francisanism," the picture of the Saint is quite recognizable. But why was this study printed here? The editors plan to reach the Third Gospel some time, but not for many years.

The other article is more germane, as it deals with an attempt to write biography by an individual who did not hesitate to remodel his sources freely and did not take too exact care about some of his facts. But what is the sense in comparing his difficulty in learning the exact date of the death of a perfectly obscure woman in Australia with the tradition Christians would have had ca. 90 A. D. about the death of Paul?

Finally Professor Burkitt argues that Luke's indifference to Palestinian topography (which he could not know) discredits his handling of Greco-Roman geography (which he knew well), while Dr. Cadbury closes with a close analysis of Luke's style based on the preface to his Gospel. This will probably be used in the next volume but more attention should have been paid to it in this.

The volume as a whole speaks for itself. It contains too much repetition, too much laboring of obvious or unimportant matters and too much acceptance of weighty theories without proper discussion. But it contains much of great permanent value and not a little that is really indispensable.

BURTON SCOTT EASTON.

Marko Kraljevic

The Ballads of Marko Kraljevic, translated by D. H. Low. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. $5.00.

TRANSLATORS are prone to take liberties, hoping that, like Pope's, their Iliads may be reckoned very pretty poems. Rare indeed and commendable is Mr. Low in The Ballads of Marko Kraljevic. He frankly says:

> I was faced with the inevitable choice between a free metrical rendering and a more accurate prose translation. I chose the latter, partly because I hoped the book might prove useful to students of the Serbian language and literature. . . . Moreover, it must be confessed, I have grave doubts of my ability to write even tolerable verse in the required measure. . . . But as each line of the original makes complete sense in itself it seemed possible to write a line-by-line translation and yet keep closely to the text.

Such a manner of translation makes for effective results. Though not knowing the original, one is frequently annoyed when reading a translation, conscious that something native is lacking. Mr. Low does not so hamper his reader.

To those who are not students of the Serbian language and literature, the stories as stories are what claim interest. They are are vivid, full of folk-beliefs, dramatic, unified in that they all deal with the Serbian Marko, the typical warrior-hero of the fourteenth century. Like the men in the Mabinogion, he has supernatural strength. The following scene is in character:

> Then Marko mounted him on Sharatz,
> And went and joined him to the Sultan's host.
> In the morning when the white day dawned,
> The Arab watchers espied him,
> And they cried from out their white throats:
> "Give back now, fierce Arabs!
> Behold he cometh, the terrible knight
> On the great piebald steed!"
> Then Marko smote down among the Arabs,
> And brake their host in three parts . . .
> But Marko was full sore wounded;
> Seventy wounds had he gotten, . . .
> But Marko went not to no leeches,
> But he went from inn to inn
> Seeking where should be the better wine.

The book has an excellent preface, also notes, appendix and bibliography. In every way it is the work of an appreciative scholar.

M. L. C.

Old Age Pensions

Facing Old Age, by Abraham Epstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

MR. EPSTEIN, who has been director of the Pennsylvania Commission to Investigate Old Age Pensions, has gathered a large amount of material on his subject. From this material, as here presented, it is possible to infer what many enlightened persons already believe—that in modern industrial society there are a large number of wage-earners who through no fault of their own are unable to provide against old age, that the existing methods of caring for such people, through poor houses, charity and private pension schemes, are worse than inadequate and that some system of public pensions similar to those now practised in Europe would be better.

It is not likely, however, that many students will receive further enlightenment in the matter from Mr. Epstein's volume. In spite of much earnest research and an evident purpose to present the subject in all possible completeness, the author suffers from a fatal inability to arrange and interpret his material. There are numerous questions which ought to be put in a work of this character and answered as well as the available data permits. What are the actuarial facts, stated in numbers or percentages, about old-age dependency? To what extent is the need now being met by relatives, by public institutions, by

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pensions public and private? What is the approximate cost? How is the cost distributed? What would be the cost of a desirable plan of public pensions? How would that cost be met? What is the experience of the various countries now having public pensions with respect, first, to the effectiveness and public desirability of the plan, second, to the administrative problems involved? The book contains voluminous material bearing on every one of these questions and others as well. It is possible that in no case is the material adequate for a complete answer. But since the data is unsystematically presented rather than compared and related to such specific questions, and since it is not comprehensively analyzed, the reader has no way of telling how close to an answer it is possible to get—unless he is content to treat the book as a series of notes and rewrite it to suit himself.

In other respects the author has been more successful. No one can come away from the book with a feeling that adequate wages are being paid, or that the average wage-earner has much opportunity to lay aside enough for his old age by private "thrift." The various public pension plans are well described in their broader aspects, and the arguments that have been used for and against each are well summarized. G. S.

The Captive Herd, by G. Murray Atkin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.75.

THE ritualistic handclasps and password "All Judean" of the Jewish capitalists in The Captive Herd persuade its being taken as a parody of anti-semitic literature. The philosophy of its hero—"'Time,' said Vacla, 'time changes everything.'"—classifies it as a handbook for groups of serious thinkers. Definitely the book reveals a current counter to Floyddellism. "Not to try to be different," the book concludes, "but to go the way of all the world, brought the greatest happiness." H. G.

Contributors

WINIFRED WELLES (Mrs. H. H. Shearer) is the author of a volume of poems, The Hesitant Heart, an editor of the Measure and a frequent contributor of verse to current periodicals.

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